THE OXFORDIAN

1952

#016472

Dear Kathie,
Looks like I've got the honor of first signing this Queen's Daily Universite's especially this French class! Ahaa! Laughs with sun or rather yours. It's gum and cough drops. It's been so much fun knowing you dear.
much love,
Sheila

THE OXFORDIAN

1952

The Oxford School

695 Prospect St. Hartford, Conn.

For their unfailing help and encouragement,
for their genuine interest in our welfare,
for their friendliness,
we, the class of nineteen fifty-two,
are proud to dedicate this book to
the faculty.

DOROTHY GRAFF, *A.B., M.A.*
Headmistress

BARBARA JARRELL, *A.B.*
English

MARY W. McGUINN, *A.B.*
Assistant to the Headmistress
for the Lower School
Latin, Mathematics

GLORIA C. GAVERT, *A.B., M.A.*
Dramatics, Oral English

EDITH N. EVANS, *B.S., M.A.*
English, Chemistry

VERNA M. CARLISLE
Lower School English, Science

MARY B. GIBNEY, *A.B., M.A.*
English

HARVEY K. McARTHUR,
Ph.B., Ph.D.
Bible

JEAN L. HARRY, *A.B., M.A.*
French

HAZEL GAY PAUL, *A.B.*
Spanish

YVONNE LABRECQUE,
A.B., B.esL., M.A.
French

VERNE M. HALL, *A.B., M.A.*
History

LUCIA SHARP DEXTER, *A.B.*
French

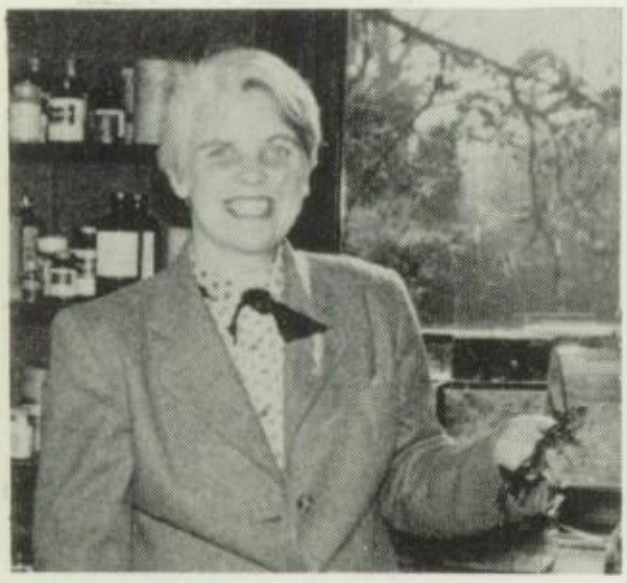
EDGAR W. WILCOCK, *A.B.*
History

ELLEN K. WUORI, *A.B., M.A.*
Latin

ELIZABETH M. HAMILTON, *A.B.*
Mathematics

SHIRLEY B. STORRS, *A.B.*
Mathematics

ELEANOR F. LASELL, *B.S.*
Physical Education



HELEN VAN DYCK BROWN, *A.B.*
Biology, General Science

AIDA MARIA DIAZ, *B.S., M.A.*
Dance, Physical Education

MARION B. WILSON, *B.S.*
Art

CONSTANCE BARTLETT
Physical Education

MARION BORON-ZIEMBA,
B. Mus., M.A.
Music

ESTHER L. HAMLEN
Librarian

LILLIAN M. CARROLL
Financial Secretary

SARAH W. ROOT
Dietitian and House Manager

DORIS I. CUMMINGS, *A.B.*
Secretary to the Headmistress

CARL WALTON DECKELMAN
Piano

GRETCHEN DECKELMAN, *A.B.*
Academic Secretary

PAGE SHARP, *B.S.*
Consulting Psychologist

JANE G. HART
Office Secretary

DANIEL F. HARVEY, *B.S., M.D.*
Consulting Physician

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Ann Tillinghast ..... *Associate Editor*
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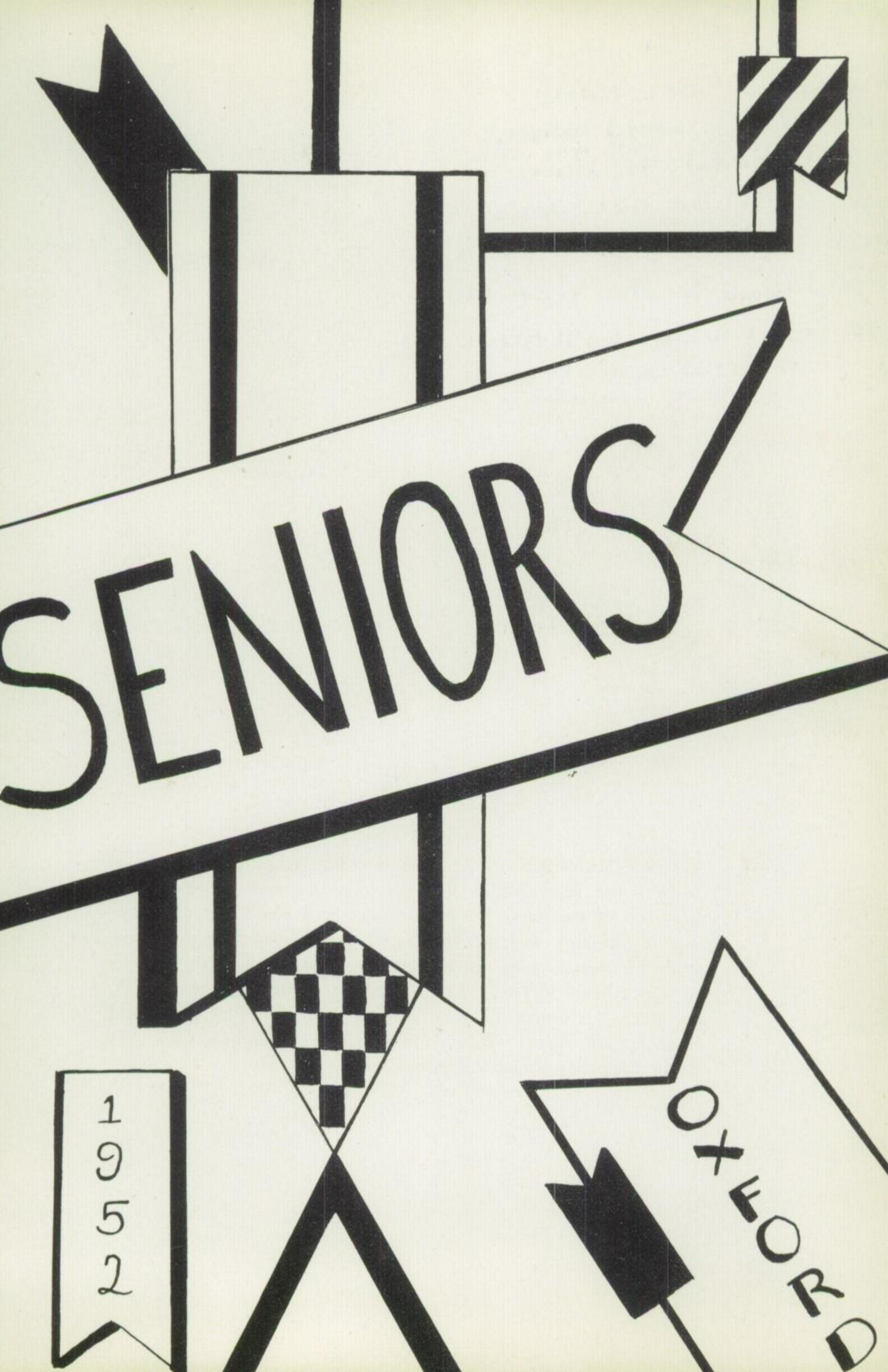
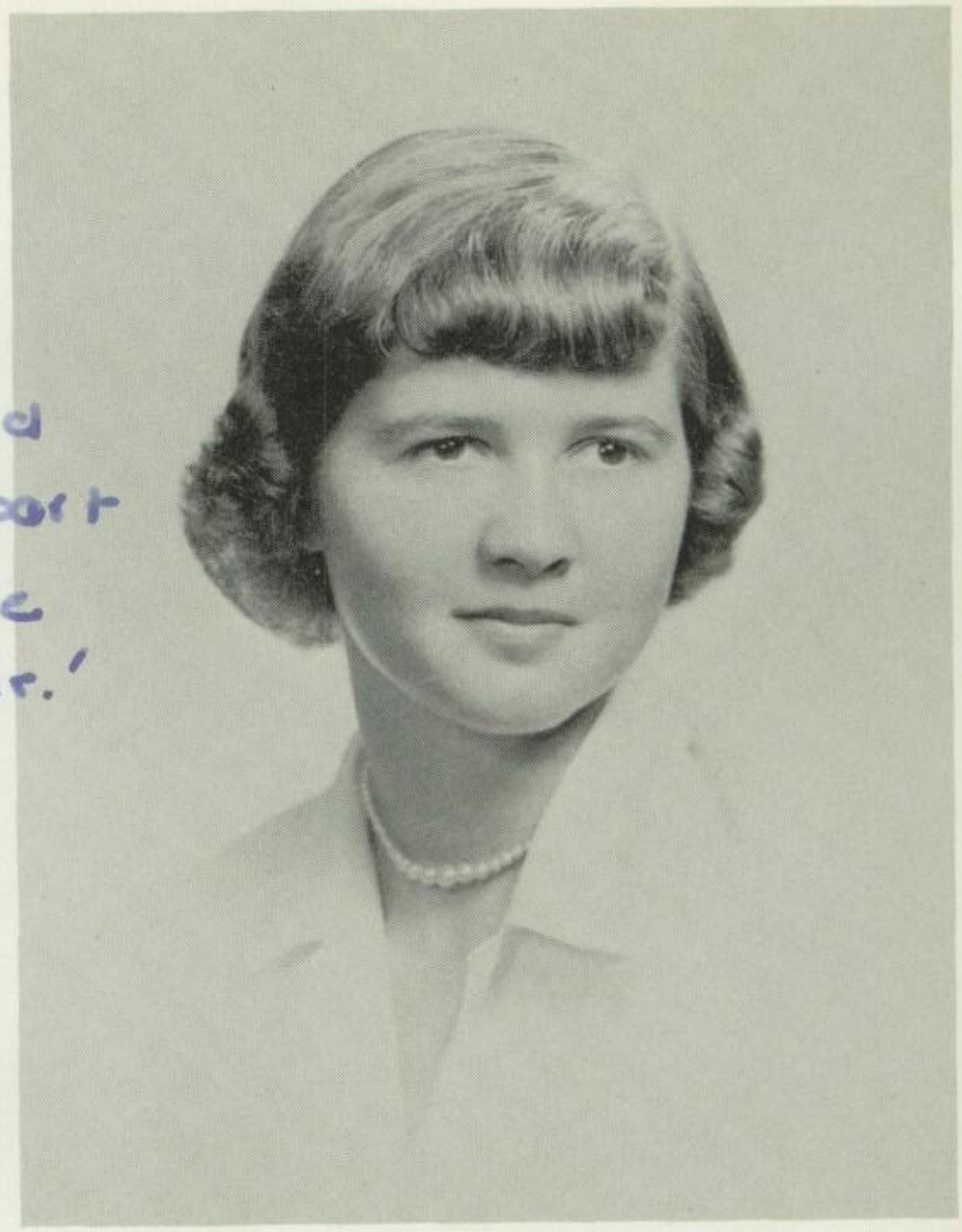

SENIORS
1952
OXFORD

Dear Harriet,

This year has been so tremendous! You really appreciate Oxford when you're about to leave, believe it or not! Senior year is the greatest and the lounge is the best part of it. I know you'll have a wonderful senior year!

Much love, Janie



MARY JANE ADAMS

Entering Oxford in Class X, Janie immediately began to impress us so with her dependability that the following year we elected her president of the class. We have always been able to count on her mature thinking and her willingness to cooperate with others, while her sweetness of disposition and pleasant smile will continue to win friends for her. Art Workshop; Council; Court; O.S.A. Secretary; Oxfordian Literary Editor; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club, Vice-President and President; President, Class XI; Salon Français; Social Committee.

Dear Harriet,

Wait 'till you get in this sacred room - the Lounge. It's a great little place - no studying naturally! I know your "little" class will have as much fun as ours did.

Be good and lots of luck,

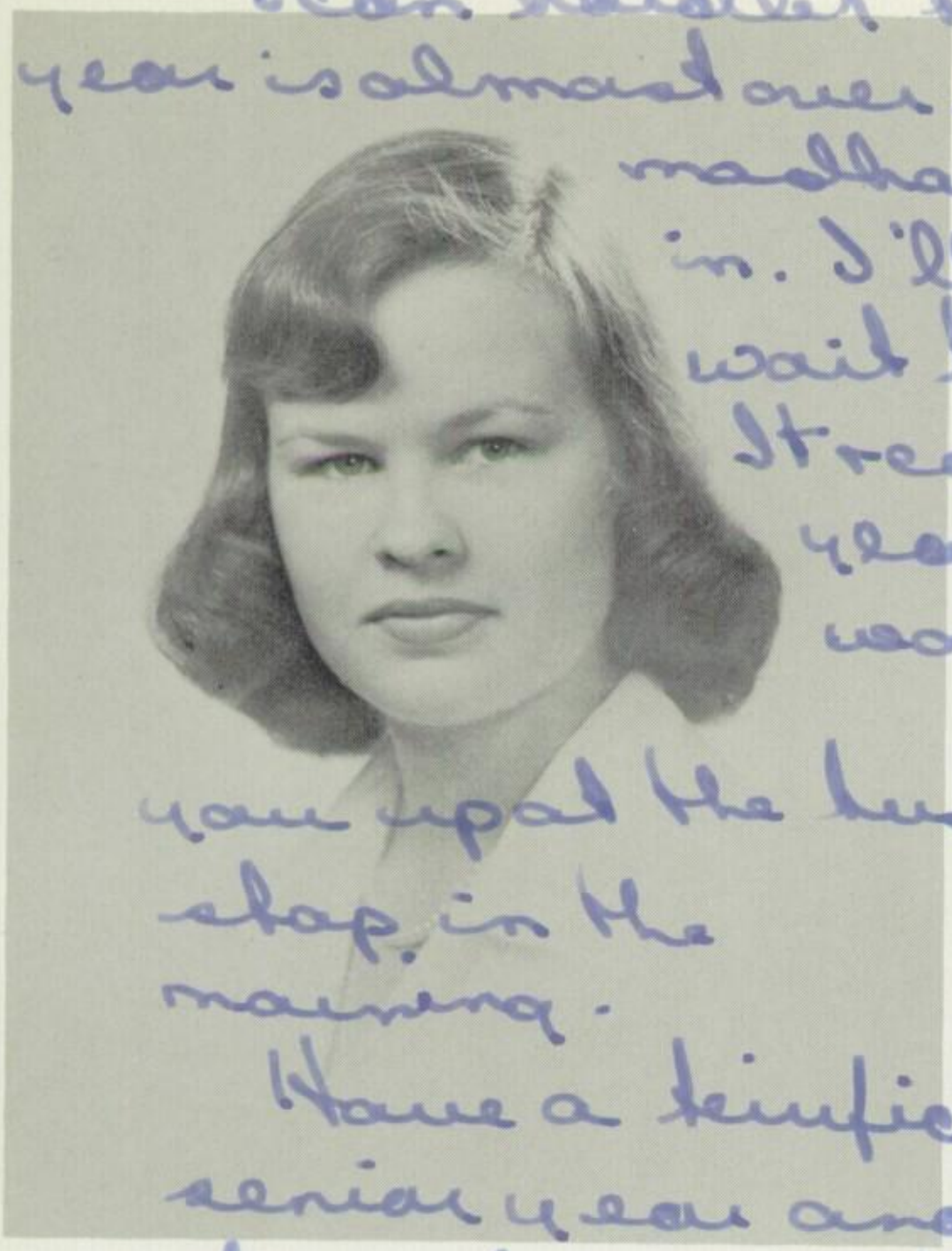
Gail

GAIL GOODRICH ALLEN

Gail's determination and consistent hard work when she was first confronted with Oxford assignments has led to her high scholastic standing in her senior year. Her originality and cleverness, her friendliness, her steadiness when given a difficult job, all make her a great asset to the class. We can always depend upon her helping hand. Chapel Representative; Chat Board, Photography Editor; Council, Class Representative; Oxfordian Board, Photography Editor; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club; Social Committee; Spanish Club; Treasurer, Class XI.

MARY JEANNE ANDERSON

Behind M. J.'s blushes and quietness is a very sincere and friendly girl, who has this year showed her ability to lead the school as president of O.S.A. She is an ardent knitter, tennis-player, and sailor; when she returns from a summer at Groton Long Point, we envy her the tan that lasts so long. Athletic Council; Chapel Choir; Chat reporter; Glee Club; Oxfordian Literary Board; O.S.A. Vice-President and President; Paint and Putty; President, Class IX; Spanish Club.



Dear Lucretia.
I can hardly believe that this year is almost over. Good what a madhouse this lounge is in. I'll bet you can't wait to become a senior. It really is the greatest year. It's too bad we won't be able to pick you up at the bus stop in the morning. Have a terrific senior year and be good. love & luck, Ann

LUCRETIA ANN BALDWIN

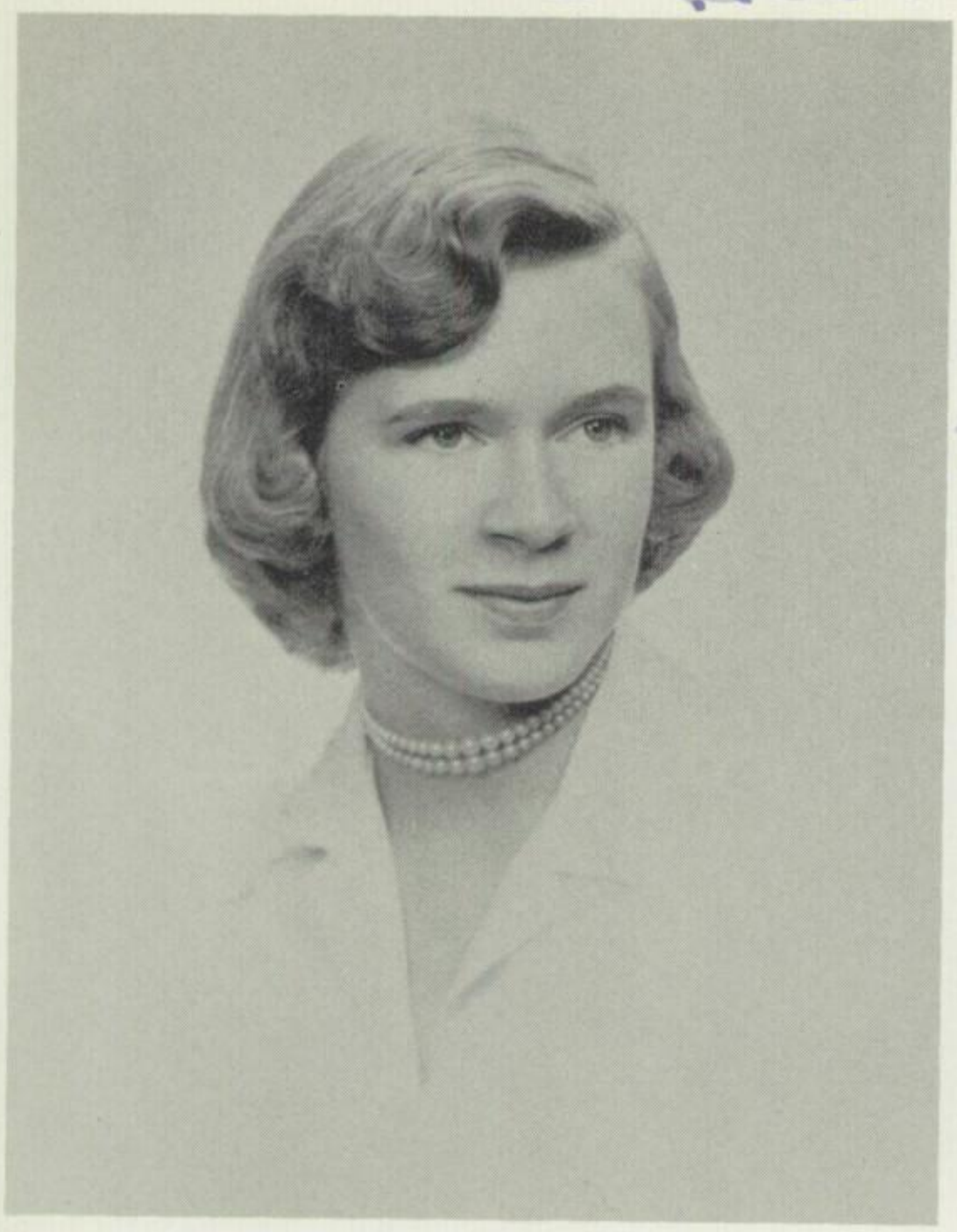
Hazel-eyed Lucresh, an enthusiastic and athletic member of the class, is to be found on the hockey field in the fall, giving support to her team. She will always be remembered for her friendliness and generosity, and for her readiness to give her friends a lift in the black Studebaker with the dent in the door. Art Workshop; Clef Club; Glee Club; Political Science Club, President; Spanish Club.

Dear Harriet-
Have a great time next year as a senior- the lounge is just great as you can see!

Love-
Lindy

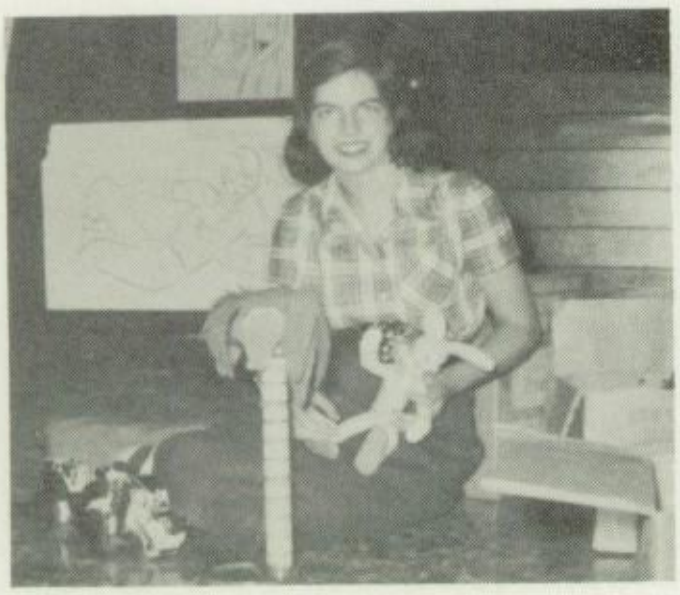
LINDA SEDER BLAND

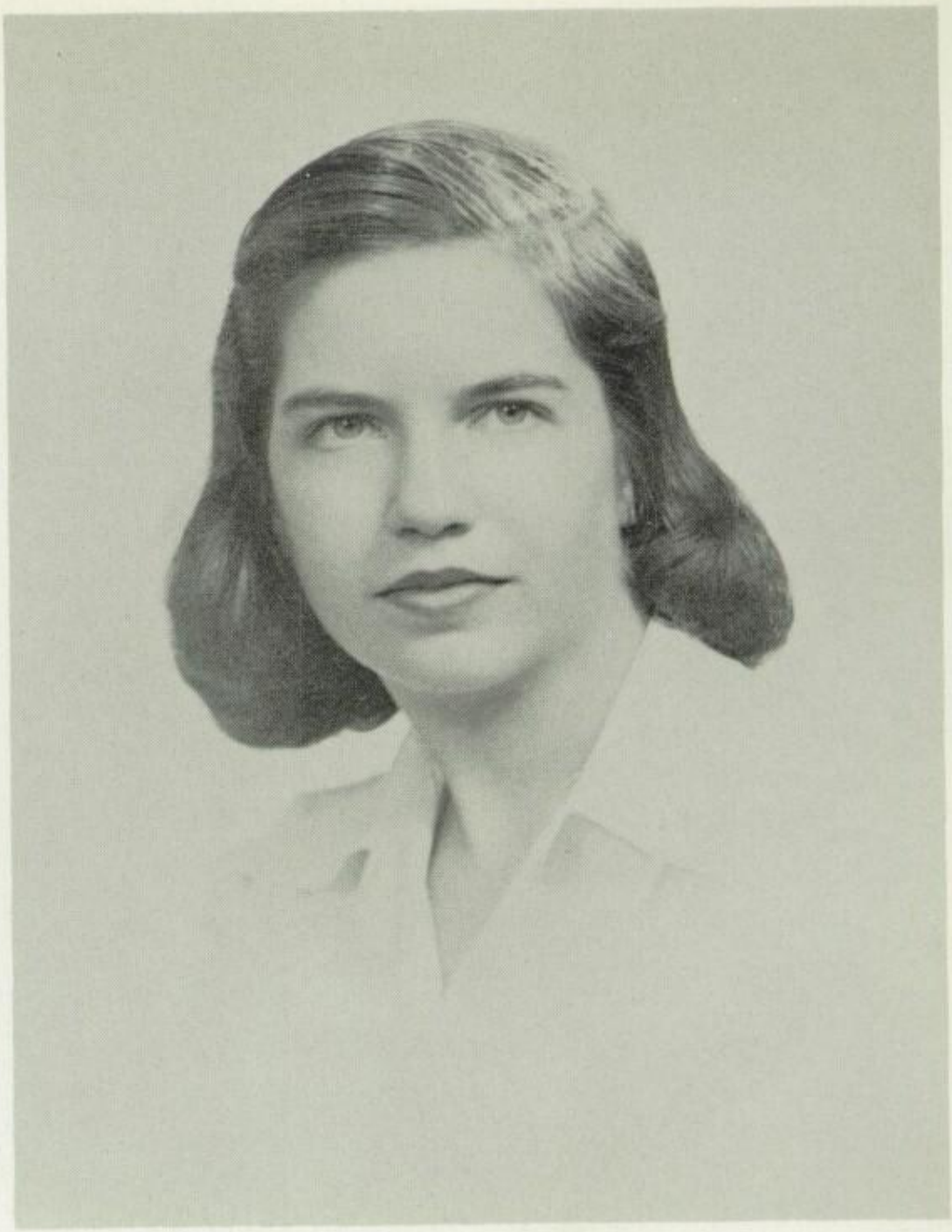
Lindy exemplifies the phrase "Good things come in small packages". We have always been aware of her quiet industry, which this year has produced such good results for the Oxfordian Business Board. Her tidy habits and dependability add to her success and mean future responsibilities carried out as well as present ones. She will always have a wide circle of friends. Chat typist; Clef Club; Foreign Policy Association; Music Workshop; Orange Cheerleader; Oxfordian Business Manager; Salon Français; Secretary, Class XII.



DIANE DAVIS

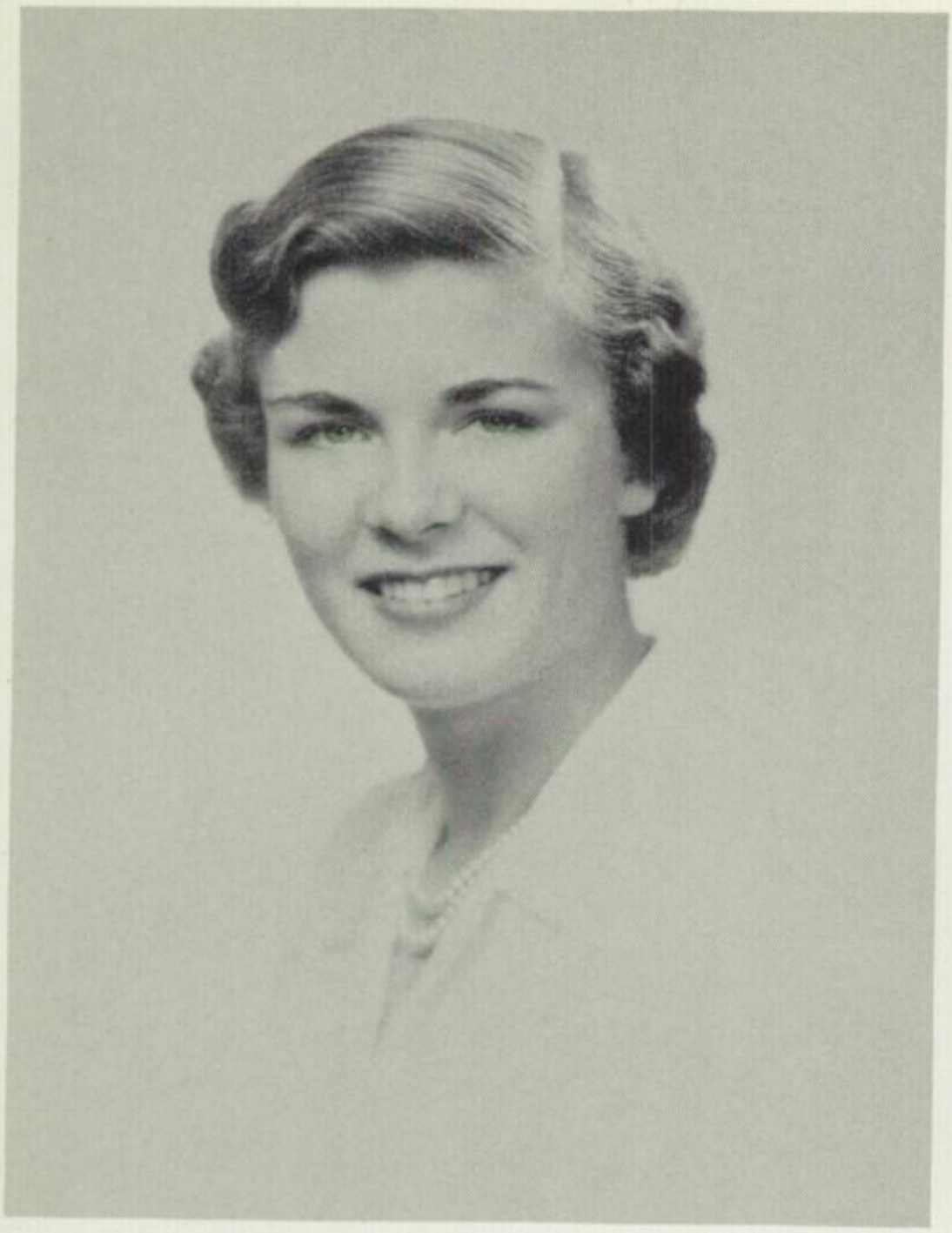
Whenever you find a group gathered together singing, Dutch is apt to be there too, accompanying them on the piano. Her love of and ear for music has rewarded her with the presidency of the Glee Club this year. We also appreciate her willingness to transport her weary classmates and their piles of books homeward at four-fifteen in her green convertible. Chapel Choir; Clef Club; Glee Club, President; Political Science Club; Spanish Club.





EMILY HALL

Emmie's faculty for punctuality is evident in class, at choir rehearsals, and at violin lessons. She will be remembered as a good student with a love of fun, and for her self-discipline. which keeps her at a task until it is successfully completed. Athletic Council, Secretary; Chapel Choir; Chat Business Manager; Council; Court; Glee Club, Vice-President; Music Workshop; O.A.A. President; Salon Français; Secretary, Class X; Vice-President, Class XI.



GRETCHEN JAEGER

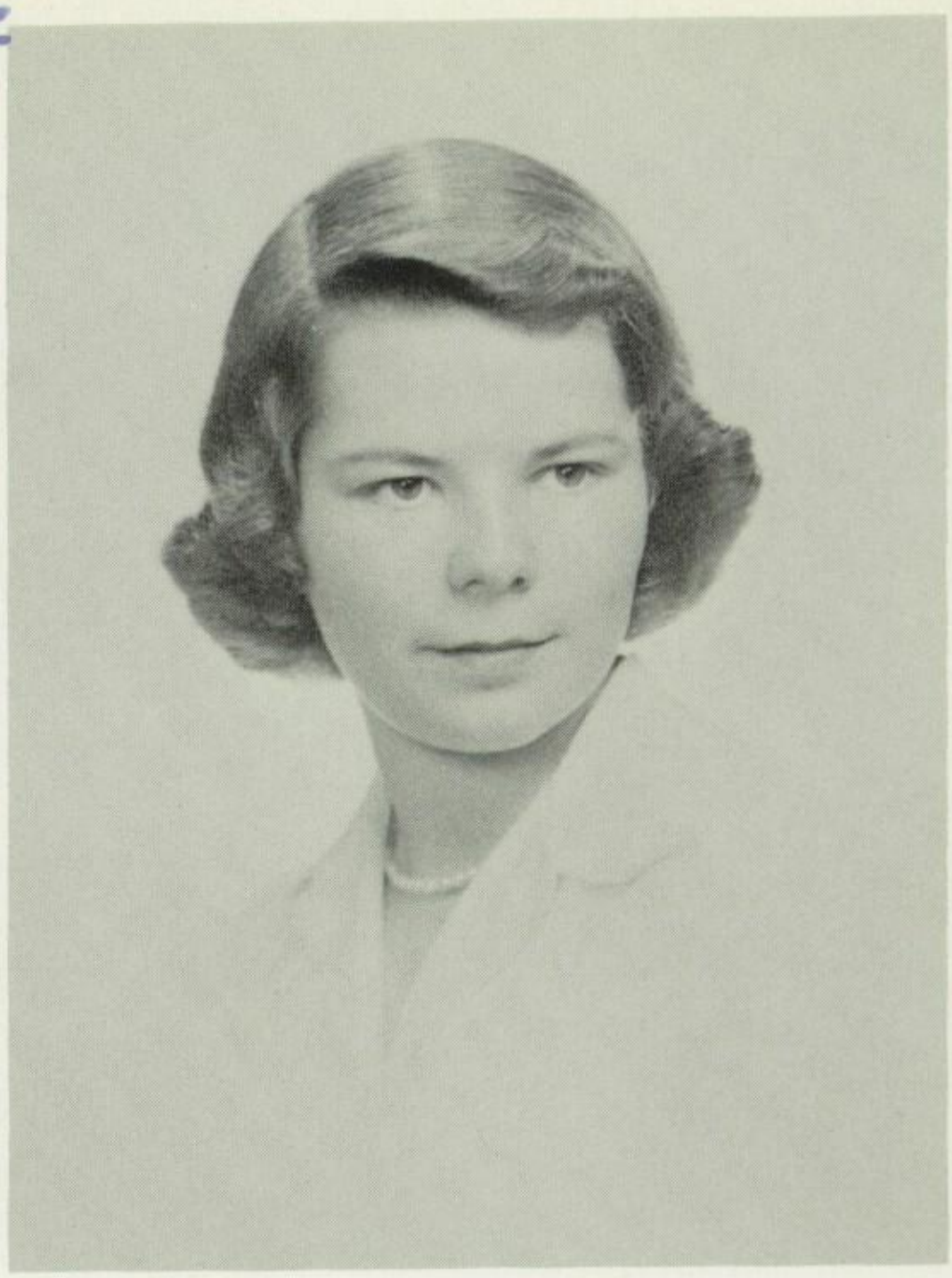
Wherever there is a party, there you will find Gretch, an inclination which has helped her this year as Social Chairman. Her hilarious tales of camp and of life on a Simsbury farm have amused us all, while her mastery of colloquial language has added to our conversations in the lounge. Clef Club, Vice-President; Chapel Chairman; Glee Club; Gray Team Captain; Oxfordian Literary Board; Paint and Putty, Treasurer; Social Committee Chairman; Spanish Club.

Dear Hallie,

It is so hot in here I can hardly breathe.

Will you ever [illegible] that French class. I was so bored all year -

Senior year is really great - There is a lot of work, but more fun. You will [illegible] have a wonderful time in the Lounge next year.



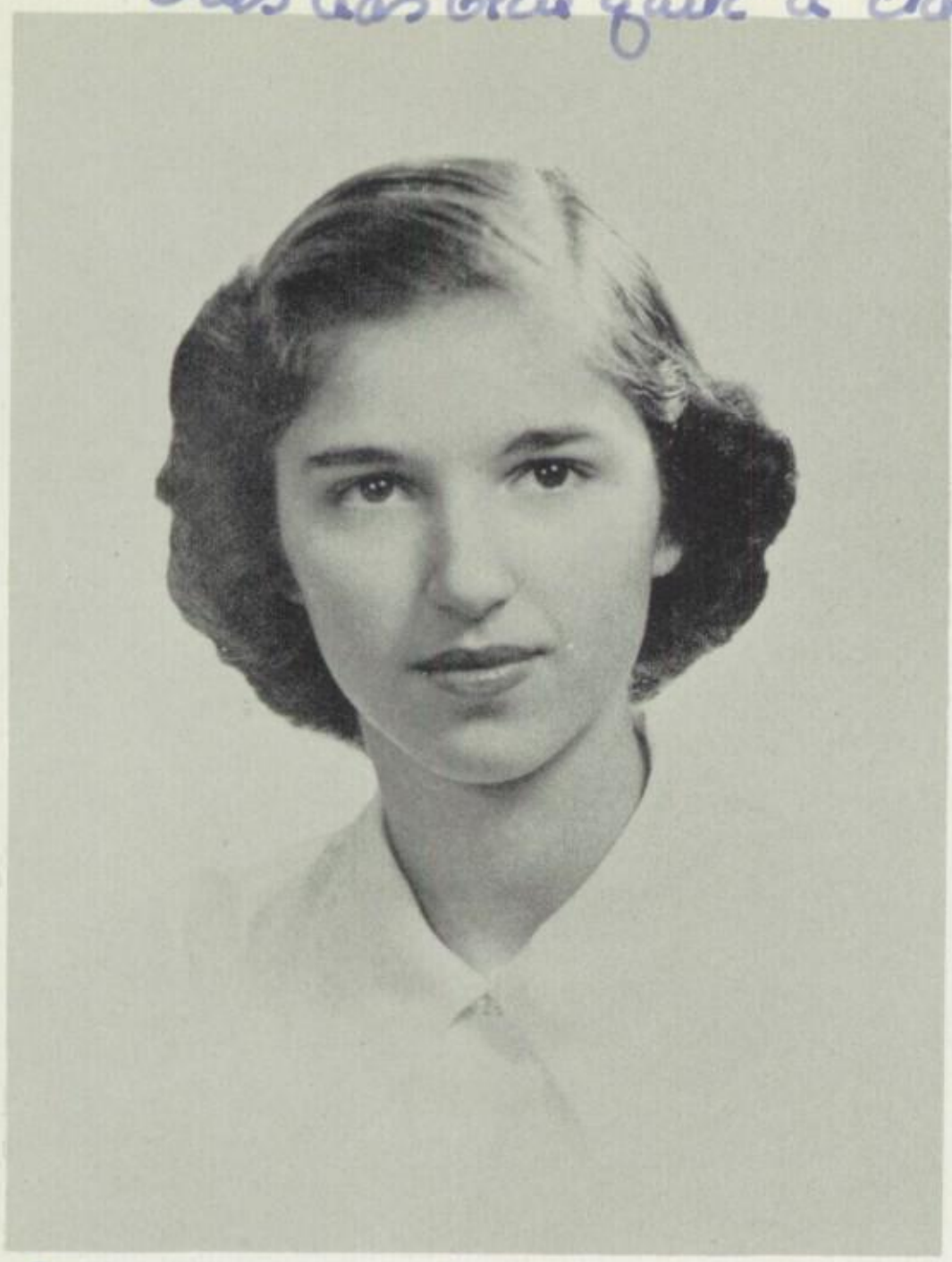
Best of luck CYNTHIA KORPER

Always, Cynny

A lover of sports, Cynnie is especially efficient at scoring goals for her team on the hockey field. She was one of the first members of our class to join the Athletic Council and has been our team captain for three years. Cynnie's hunting experiences and camping summers are also an important part of her life. Athletic Council, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary; Class Captain, IX, XI, XII; Council; Court; Glee Club; O.S.A. Treasurer; Oxfordian Literary Board; President, Class X; Salon Français.

Olis has been quite a class and just think - this will be my last time here with you-all. We've eaten like pigs here and how much. LaBrecque never found us I sure can't understand.

I know you-guys will have a great time in the lounge.



Best of luck to all of you and if you're ever around Kidmore, Harriett - drop in and I'll show you around -

love and best luck

Sally -

CATHERINE LARRABEE

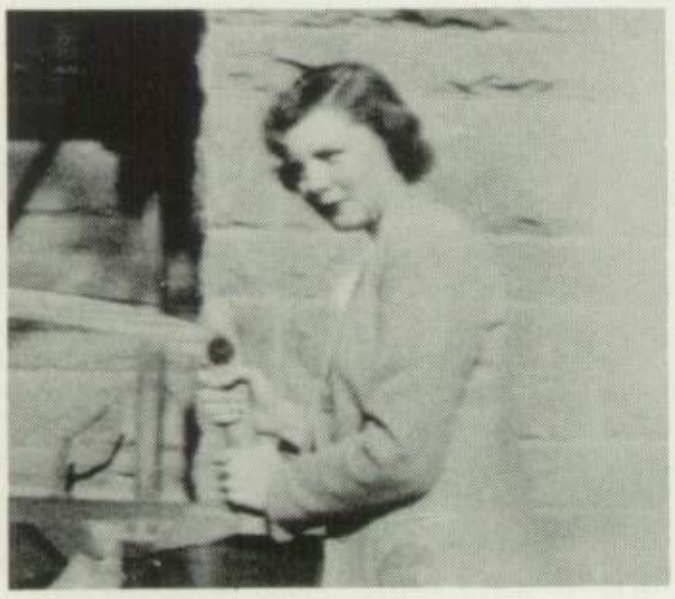
Cathy entered Oxford in Class VII and immediately proceeded to lose her first pen. Despite this knack of temporarily misplacing her possessions, Cathy has proved herself a capable housekeeper and an excellent hostess. She is well liked for her easy disposition and her readiness for fun. Art Workshop; Chapel Chairman; Chat Circulation Manager; Class Captain, X; Clef Club; Glee Club; Paint and Putty; Salon Français.

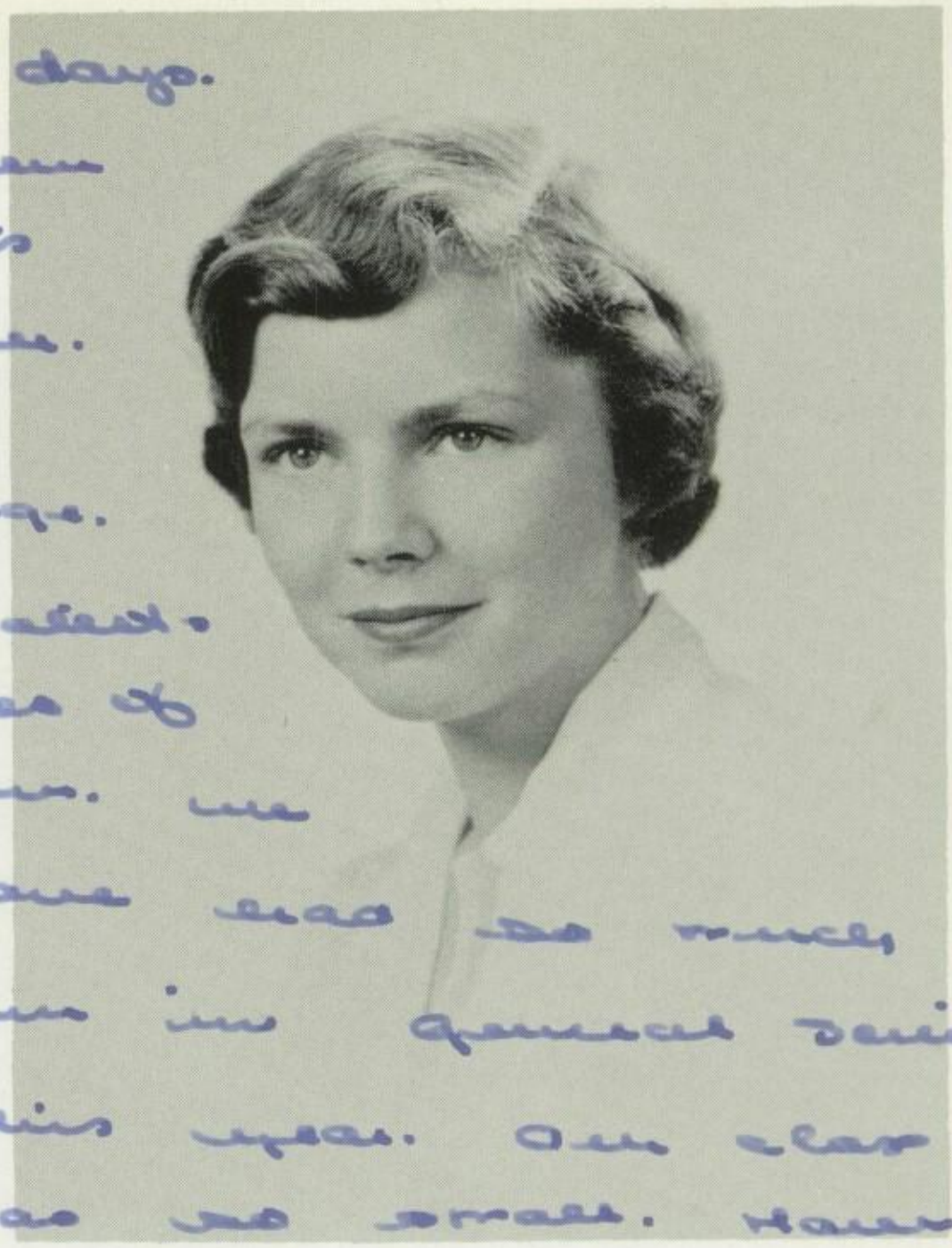
JUDITH ANN MOLINAR

When athletic Mole entered Oxford two years ago, she immediately gave much of herself to everything that she undertook. She has distinguished herself as leader, as student, — and as master of the typewriter. We shall remember her excellent sense of humor, the dimples that accompany it, and her spirit. Athletic Council; Council; Court; Glee Club; Orange Team Captain; Orange Class Captain; Political Science Club; President, Class XII; Salon Français.

JOANNE MUTER

Our sole representative from New Britain, Joanne has faithfully commuted to Oxford for the last six years. She has established herself as one of the most capable girls in the class, not only at school, but also in her work as volunteer at the Blood Donor Center. Though she seems quiet, she is also full of fun. Art Workshop; Clef Club; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club, Secretary; Salon Français.





Dear Karin

Only two more days. It just doesn't seem possible that this year is almost over. Next year you'll be in Jim Young. I really am glad. You've been a great friend. You'll have lots of fun. We have had so much fun in General Science this year. Our class was so small. Have fun next year. Best of luck always.

Love

Janet.

JANET RUTH OLSON

Although Janet has been with us for only two years, her quietness and friendly smile have been an asset to the class. An enthusiastic member of Paint and Putty, Janet can often be found working energetically backstage. Her home is always open to us, and her hospitality has a special treat for those of us who are not so up to date — television. Art Workshop; Paint and Putty; Vice-President; Political Science Club; Salon Français.

Dear Harriet,

You are really a neat dancer, no kidding. I'll never forget ~~that~~ all the dancing you guys did in "Brigadoon".

Wait 'til you guys get in the lounge - it's the greatest!

It honestly doesn't

seem possible that we graduate in a couple more days. This year has absolutely flown!

Hope you all have as much fun as we've had this year. Best of luck always.

Love, Pudzy.

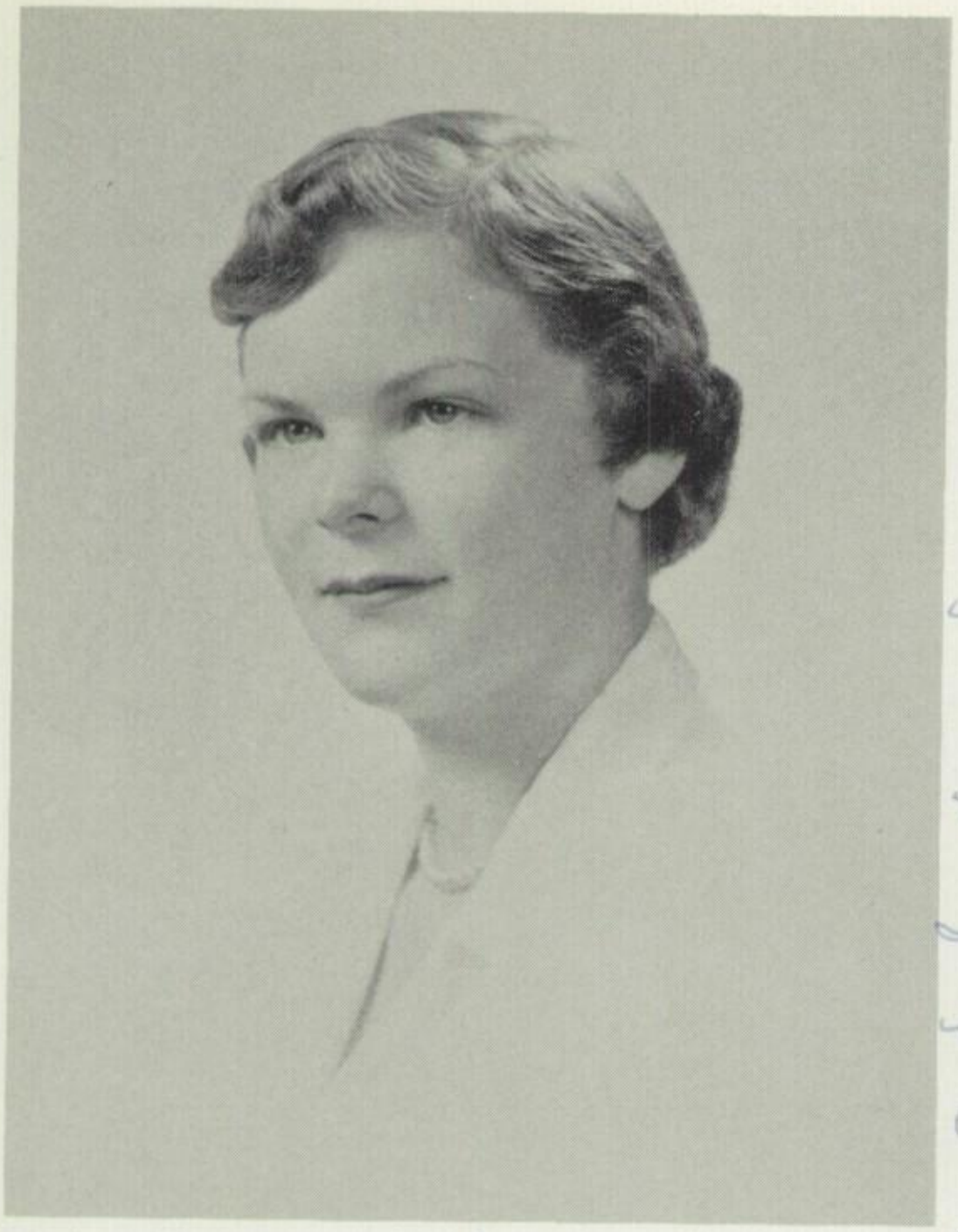
MARGERY SEYMOUR PECK

Pudzy first took her place in the Farmington car-pool, Oxford bound, six years ago. She soon distinguished herself in athletics and has been on class teams ever since. Sunday mornings find Pudzy teaching Sunday School. Her friends appreciate her genuine sincerity and willingness. Chat reporter; Clef Club; Glee Club; Gray Team Captain; Oxfordian Literary Board; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club; Salon Français, President; Secretary, Classes X and XI; Treasurer, Class IX.

Dear Bettina -
In should I
call you "Bookie"
as they used to
at dear old Wed
middle - That
was fun wasn't
it - I've really
loved" that
Junc Class
of our
at last
five through with H - Have lotz a
fun next year - It's really great
being a senior -
Lotz a Love n' Luck
Bett.

BETTINA H. PIERCE

If it weren't for talented Bett, our knitting problems would never be solved; we are constantly running to her with dropped stitches and uneven diamonds. Bett's Westbrook party, when we entertained the seniors at her house there in our sophomore year, has given our class a lasting pleasant memory. Art Workshop; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club; Spanish Club.



Dear Harriet—

What a time this is. I never thought I'd ever see the day, but it's almost here and now I almost don't want it to come. Have fun with Biology next year. I'll miss you. I wonderful and will help you settled in the lounge will all of you in here at one.

Lots a luck

Janice

JANICE PIKE

Jan will always be remembered for her naturally curly hair, her keen sense of humor, and her squeals of delight. We have enjoyed her hospitality, too; we shan't forget the talk sessions at her house, the record playing, and the food, nor the Friday night movies. Art Workshop; Clef Club, Secretary; Political Science Club; Salon Français.

ANNE LUENE ROGERS

Our Kit has a pleasant nature and a good sense of humor. Her artistic ability has helped at the Fair, the dances, and other school activities. Her poise, her thoughtfulness, her understanding of other people have been evident not only in school but in the Service Club activities which she has so well carried out. Art Workshop; Clef Club; Dance Club; Oxfordian Art Editor; Paint and Putty; Salon Français, Secretary, Treasurer; Social Committee.

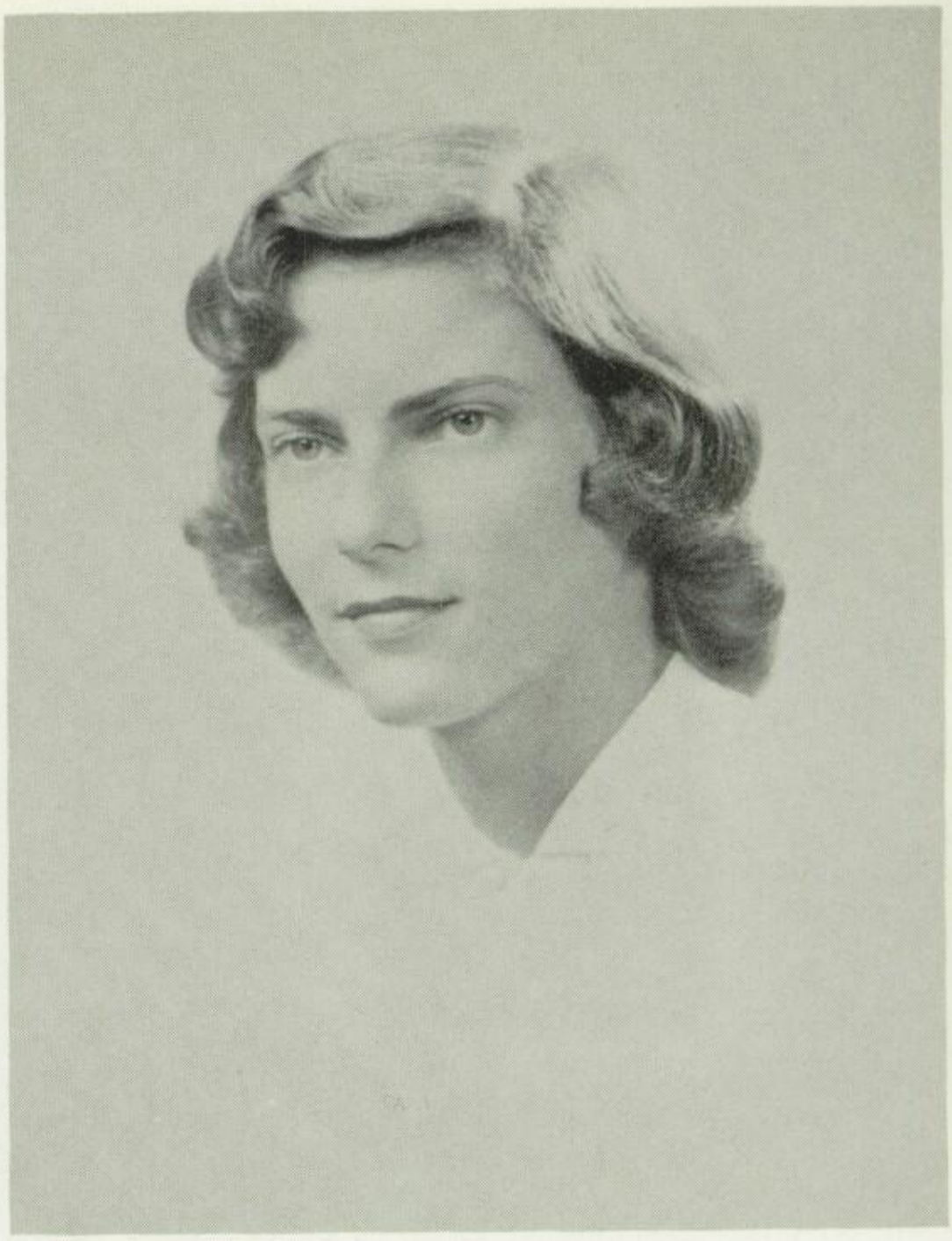
Dear Norma,
Just a few more months and you will be a senior. Does it seem possible? Dance Club has really been great here it is? You certainly did a wonderful job in

Brigadoon. Best of luck to you, Norma.

Norma

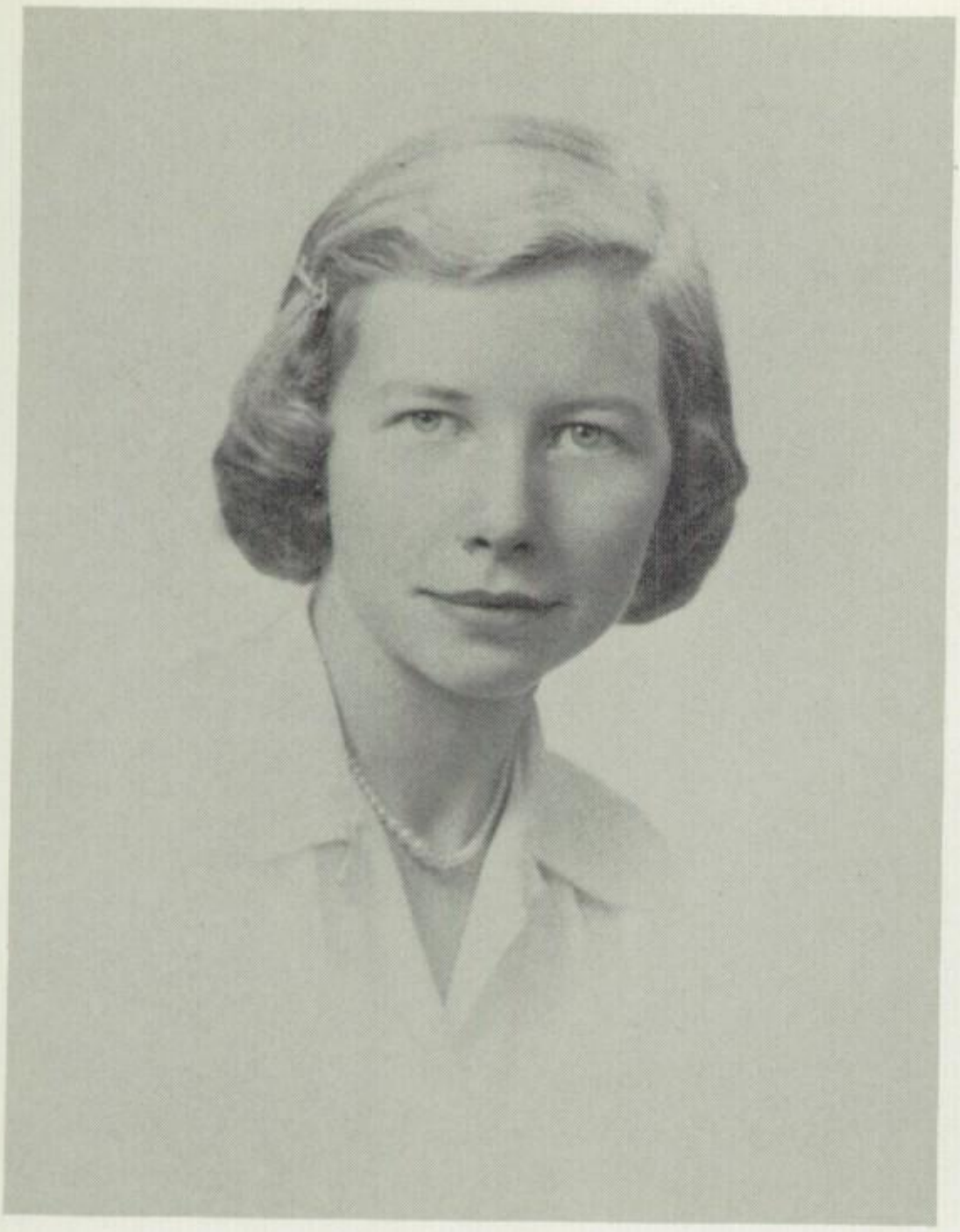
NORMA SCAFARELLO

Norm entered Oxford in Class VII and was soon famous for the tiny sneeze that seemed so appropriate to her height. Her ability to take teasing and her happy disposition insured her popularity. Her persistence has led her to membership in the Dance Club, where she is discovering new talents. Clef Club; Council; Court; Dance Club; Glee Club; Oxfordian Literary Board; Salon Français; Vice-President, Class X.



GILDA PHYLLIS SHEKETOFF

Gilda is to be remembered for her neatness — of writing, of belongings, of person. We envy her, too, her dark naturally curly hair. Even if Gil is tiny, she makes up for it with her friendliness and entertaining ways. Her work in Spanish and the confidence of the members won for her this year the presidency of the Spanish Club. Chat typist; Clef Club; Glee Club; Oxfordian Business Board, Literary Board; Spanish Club, Vice-President and Treasurer, President.



MARJORIE SHORT

Whenever the halls ring with an unusually resounding laugh, we know that Margie is present. Behind that laugh and her good sense of humor is a hard-working girl who has reached new success this year as editor-in-chief of Oxfordian. Her enthusiasm, her ability to work with other people, and her foresight in planning the work have all been helpful. Chat Alumnae Editor; Clef Club; Glee Club; Oxfordian Editor-in-Chief; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club; Spanish Club.

JUDITH MARIE SIMONS

Sedgwick's loss was Oxford's gain when Judy first joined us in Class X. Her talents range widely, from her summer honors in swimming and diving to her interest in dramatics, which this year gained her a leading part in a Kingswood play. This year also Judy has become an experienced salesman of white rabbits. Chat Assistant Editor; Council; Glee Club, Secretary-Treasurer; Paint and Putty; Political Science Club; Salon Français; Vice-President Class XII.

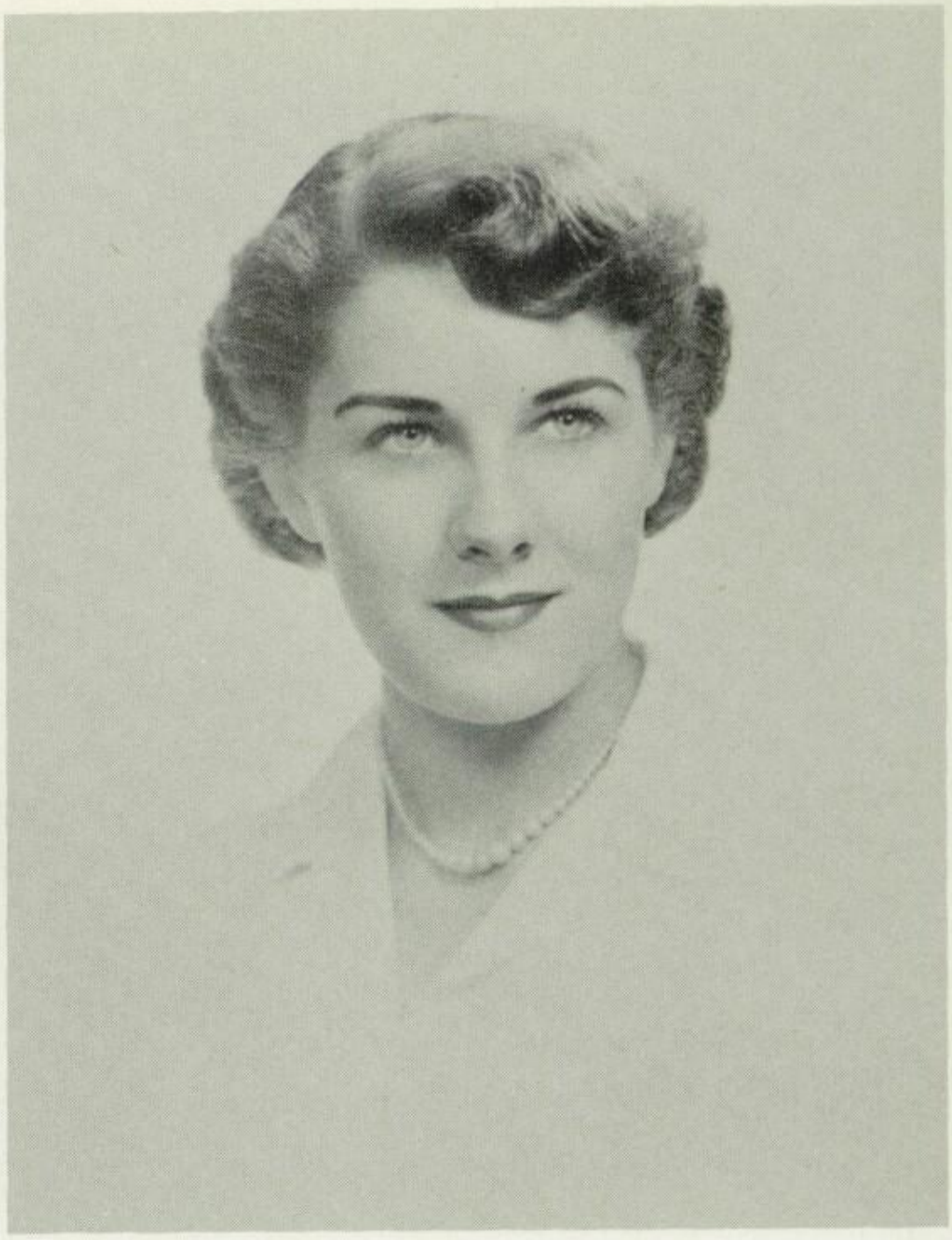
Dear Harriet,

I can hardly believe I will be graduating from Offord ma few day. It has been so much fun. Remember the time we doubled with you and Ted? That was really great. Take good care of the new lounge next year. Have fun this summer and be good.

Lots of Luck,
Arline

ARLINE PATRICIA SODERBERG

Although Arline is the newest member of our class, entering in her senior year, she has quickly become essential to the class. She is very willing to help in any kind of project, especially in knitting or art. She has the responsibility of being class treasurer and has made a record: she has managed to collect *all* the checks from *all* the seniors. Glee Club; Political Science Club; Spanish Club, Vice-President and Treasurer; Treasurer, Class XII.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Bette has rightfully earned the title of class cut-up. Full of fun and originality, she is the life of a group get-together. Who will forget her imitations of "the monster"? Bette's serious side is shown by her keen interest in music. Chapel Chairman; Chapel Choir; Clef Club; Glee Club; Music Workshop; Orange Cheerleader; Oxfordian Business Board; Spanish Club, Secretary.

LILLES ANN TILLINGHAST

In addition to being a good student and a capable person, Ann is most hospitable and adds much to the fun of others. We admire her creative writing ability, her sincerity in friendship, and the energy which has helped to carry on her work this year with the Oxfordian. Art Workshop; Chat reporter, Editor-in-Chief; Clef Club; Glee Club; Oxfordian Associate Editor; Paint and Putty; Salon Français.

Dear Helen -

What a year - can you believe it is really over. I honestly hate to think it is over. It gives you the most awful feeling to realize you will never be coming back - Commencement panics me - I'm sure it's going to land on my face -

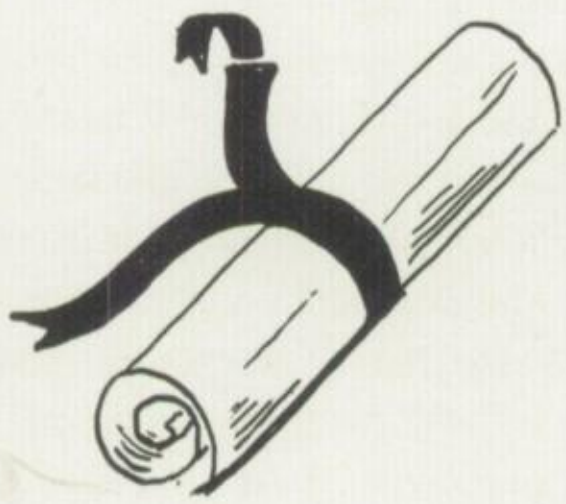
What problems certain people have presented - all the same group it seems - Quite a mess - They are really unpredictable - Keep up the marvelous work in dance club and Best of luck next year and college -

HELEN BEACH VOSBURGH

Much luck
Helen

One of the most capable and efficient girls in the class, Helen has learned to budget her time so that she can manage a good scholastic record and extra-curricular activities. Her thoughtfulness in dealing with people is particularly helpful in her duties as president of Service Club, in which she has done a very good job. Chat reporter, Managing Editor; Dance Club; Council, Class Representative; Court; Salon Français; Service Club Vice-President, President.

September arrives and with it the realization that we are seniors. At last our hopes are fulfilled: the Lounge is ours for an endless time. Our whole senior year lies ahead of us. On that first morning doors are held open for us, and we lead the procession from chapel. We are both proud and embarrassed. For a little while homework fades into the background as the Lounge holds precedence. Then tests and reference work send us to the library to enjoy the peace and quiet necessary for concentration. By trial and error we learn to discipline our enthusiasm. Our feeling of responsibility for the welfare of Oxford grows. Mingled with the hard work and pleasures of senior year is a thought that underlies all our actions, and accompanies us as we go for the last time to each of Oxford's traditional events; it is with us at the Christmas Carol service, at the formal dance, at the spring play. It is the increasing awareness of the passing of time. Senior year is the climax of our high school life, and it is going very quickly. Even though graduation means the beginning of another interesting part of our lives, we are reluctant to reach the end of senior year at Oxford.



SENIOR

The blaring of whistles and shouts of "Bon Voyage" still rang in my ears as I went below to my stateroom. Answering a knock on the door, I was greeted by Norm in navy blue; she had earlier joined the navy and was now captain of the liner "Amazon." As we walked together to the dining room, she handed me a telegram with best wishes for the trip from M. J. Anderson, our first woman president. We pushed open the door, to be greeted by the strains of "Going Back to Nassau Hall." As the spotlight grew brighter we saw "April" Taylor wrapped around the mike, crooning to the diners.

As we docked at LeHavre, newsboys were crying the headlines: Judy Simons had just swum the English Channel backwards in one hour and had established a new world record. What an honor for the class and how tremendous for Judy! In Paris I deposited my baggage in a hotel; there in the lobby I saw a dignified personage scanning the same headlines. When she looked up I recognized our Ambassadress to France. I could see that Pudzy had put her French to good use. Another familiar figure passed; in spite of her beret and the paint brushes Kit was recognizable. As we began to talk about old times, she pointed to a sign advertising "La Maison Gilda." Gilda had become a successful retailer of Paris fashions. I asked Kit if she knew that Emily was now assistant to Miss Lasell, washing and labeling gym suits, and she said, "Gadzooks, how fascinating." On this familiar note I packed my toothbrush and departed for the Swiss Alps.

There on a snow-covered ski slope I saw a pile of splintered wood and broken poles. Upon inquiry I learned that Arline had zipped through on her way to the Ski Olympics. That evening in a Swiss hotel a distinguished figure in furs and sparkling gems made a dramatic entrance: Rise Davis, the famous singer, was touring Europe. Another classmate had become famous. Italy was next on my itinerary. When I went to pick up my tickets there for Africa, I was met by a very efficient woman in a tailored suit. Before I could speak, she cried, "Moldie, of all places to see you!" When I failed to recognize her, she realized my difficulty and said, "It's Cathy." All thought of tickets was forgotten as we reminisced, especially about our last joint concert.

Finally all my arrangements were made, and I left on a slow boat for Africa. On board I discovered Ann, gathering information from the native workers as part of the research for her new book, "The Psychological Study of the Geometrical Archeological Development of the Arthopods." When we disembarked we saw a native caravan, led by "Two-Gun Cynny", straggling out of the jungle. We learned that, having lost her trusty six-shooter, she had been forced to strangle a charging bull elephant with her bare hands.

PROPHECY

With three days more of vacation I left for Alaska, there to hail a passing dog team to take me farther. To my great surprise I found that it was part of Jan's Alaskan Express, with Janice herself driving. By the time we had "remembered when" a few times, we had reached Quebec. I noticed that all the stores there were featuring an extra long sock with armholes, and I knew at once that one more of Bett's zany ideas had become successful. Knitting was always her strong point. That evening at the hotel I had time to read a newspaper again, and found the New York *Times*, with an excellent editorial by Margie, its editor-in-chief. She was writing strongly in favor of the appointment of Gail as chief U. S. delegate to the new World Government. All Gail's previous diplomatic positions seemed to make the appointment inevitable.

The next morning I took an early train for New York. As I sat quietly enjoying the scenery, the door opened, and a matronly lady went through the car, followed by sixteen children. Janet turned around to tell one of her troop to blow his nose, and recognized me. By the time we reached New York, we had covered the events of the last twenty years. In New York I changed trains and headed back to Hartford to resume my teaching duties at Oxford. I sat in class listening to the "je suis" of my students, but my mind was beginning the preparation of my alumnae report for *Chat*.

When I took off for the Philippines, almost immediately, a dread malady developed on board ship. Before I was free to see the islands, I had to have shots of the new wonder drug in a doctor's office on the dock. I learned that Janie and Linda working together, had developed this wonderful new serum and had been awarded the Nobel prize for their work. I picked up my good arm and left for Mongolia.

As I neared the capital I saw Queen Gretchen, garbed in yellow and purple robes, on the heights of what was once the great Chinese wall. I had heard that our illustrious historians, Lou and Joan, had set out to conquer China, had grown disgusted because the natives couldn't speak English, and had then become missionaries to reform them. They were again foiled, for Helen, the modern dancer, had introduced "The Connecticut Wiggle", and the natives absolutely could not be reformed. They had shaken down the great wall, which made Queen Gretchen angry because the wall had made an excellent lookout for prospective kings.

'52 in '72

THE SENIOR

HERE WE ARE	FAVORITE SONG	PET PASSION
Janie Adams	"All the Things You Are"	Maine, convertibles, hillbilly music, grinders, argyles
Gail Allen	"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"	Dill pickles, football, white bucks
M. J. Anderson	"Harbor Lights"	Groton Long Point, mail, Judie's last year's gym suit
Lu Baldwin	"Bewitched"	T-R-I-N-I-T-Y
Lindy Bland	"La Mer"	Wesleyan house parties, classical music
Di Davis	"It's All Over but the memories"	The couch in the gym office
Emily Hall	"Thinking of You"	OBERLIN
Gretch Jaeger	"September in the Rain"	Northern colleges, dancing, Illinois
Cynny Korper	"Sin"	Football players, candy, Fords, hunting

CONFESSIONS

WE'LL MISS	ALWAYS	AMBITION
Waiting for lunch	Wasting time in study halls	To own a car
Recess, lunch period	Getting in a stew over nothing	To get my license
The lounge with the fire turned on	Trying to get out of taking chapel on Friday	To speak just once and be calm, cool, and collected while doing it
The special French class	Having hiccups, yawning	To pose for Community Silver ads
My sister, proximity to Middletown	Making wishes on eyelashes	To live in a three-room apartment
My parking space at Oxford	Riding around in a certain blue Pontiac	To have a happy marriage
Playing hockey in sub-zero weather	Running around the school, mostly to the gym office	To be a concert squeakbox player
Trying to battle my way out of the lounge so I can get to English on time	Losing Paint and Putty checks	To have long red fingernails
Walking to school in three feet of snow	Procrastinating, balancing check books	To have an ambition

HERE WE ARE	FAVORITE SONG	PET PASSION
Cathy Larrabee	"Just One of Those Things"	Borrowing things and forgetting to return them
Judy Molinar	"September Song"	My license, a Chevvy, blue jeans
Joan Muter	"Rolling Stone"	Cats, driving, vacations
Janet Olson	"My Foolish Heart"	Knitting, going somewhere
Pudzy Peck	"Just One of Those Things"	Vacations, sports, dancing
Bett Pierce	"Somewhere Over the Rainbow"	AXP
Jan Pike	"September Song"	Blondes, men - driving, dancing
Kit Rogers	"T'was Just a Garden in the Rain"	"Eli", Cape Cod

WE'LL MISS	ALWAYS	AMBITION
My "Junior" French class, the "Ananias" Club	Looking for my belongings	To be someone I am not
Laughing at the "monster" in the lounge	Complaining	To be a street cleaner
Margie's laugh	Doing homework	To be an archeologist
The riots in the lounge	Complaining	To be a doctor's secretary
The last bell in the afternoon	Missing the bus	To climb Mt. Everest
Waiting for people to pick me up in the morning	Knitting on someone else's socks	To try everything once
Mergatroyde	Knitting	To have five children
Asking Norm how Pete is	Asking for advice	To get to Biology on time

HERE WE ARE	FAVORITE SONG	PET PASSION
Norm Scafarello	"With a Song in My Heart"	Branford, Conn., Yale, Farley Granger
Gil Sheketoff	"These Foolish Things"	Week-ends, the ways of college men
Marge Short	"Let Me In, I Hear Laughter!"	Silver Bay, camping, "good" food
Judy Simons	"Stormy Weather"	Dancing, pipes, the lounge
Arline Soderberg	"Laura"	Dancing, week-ends, eating
Bette Taylor	"Tenderly"	Tigers
Ann Tillinghast	"You'll Never Walk Alone"	Flashy ties, "hot" jazz, dancing
Helen VosBurgh	"I'll See You in My Dreams"	Sebasco, Maine; mail, week-ends away

WE'LL MISS	ALWAYS	AMBITION
First period bull sessions in the lounge	Looking for the mail man	What's that?
Teasin' Norm, driving to school	Doing what I shouldn't	To get to college and take the normal course
Thursday afternoons	Laughing	To be able to say what I mean
Mole, the girls	Taking off (!) in the Pontiac	To find out who burned my car seat
Senior lounge, everyone knitting	Late for class, why? Finishing that last row	To find a husband
Louis's Monday morning smile	Complaining, writing letters, waiting for mail	To be a conductor on a trolley car
Oxford in general, all the girls	Studying in the library, daydreaming	To cultivate a wide circle of friends
The freshmen	Trying to find a period for the Service Club Executive Board to meet all together	To find a bank that supplies money for all purposes

Last Will and Testament

I,

Janie Adams, leave my sister alone in the morning, and anything that's left.

Gail Allen, leave my gymsuit to anyone who'll wash it.

M. J. Anderson, leave my pen to anyone who wants ink all over herself.

Lu Baldwin, leave my warped hockey stick to future hockey players.

Lindy Bland, leave my sister to make the jaunt from Mountain Road alone every morning.

Dutch Davis, leave writing notes to Bathsheba Banks.

Emily Hall, leave the flag at half-mast.

Gretch Jaeger, leave my long trek to Simsbury everyday to Pam Connolly.

Cynnie Korper, leave a step ladder to other short kids who can't reach the lockers in the lounge.

Cathy Larrabee, leave my scattered brain to Blannie Dew.

Judie Molinar, leave the dishes I haven't broken to Miss Root.

Joan Muter, leave my secretary notes to anyone who can read them.

Janet Olson, leave my hockey stick in memory of the greatest player on the team.

Pudzy Peck, leave one vacant seat in the faithful Farmington car pool.

Bett Pierce, leave my knitting needles in the lounge.

Jan Pike, leave my never failing brain to all those as confused as I.

Kit Rogers, leave an empty guest room to Molly Fluty.

Norm Scafarello, leave my problems to Katrina McLane.

Gil Sheketoff, leave to Sandy all my unsolved problems.

Margie Short, leave my "short" thoughts for a "short" while.

Judy Simons, simply leave.

Arline Soderberg, to those taking Spanish dance, I leave what little ability I have.

Bette Taylor, leave my affection for Princeton and those waits at the station, to Blannie Dew.

Ann Tillinghast, leave taking the 8:05 bus to all the kids in the neighborhood still at Oxford.

Helen VosBurgh, leave a private line for long distance telephones to various (?) places.

XII
VIII
IIIV
IXI
X

Front Row, left to right: Sally Walton, Juliette Anthony, Susan Wilkins (Vice President), Phyllis Chapman, Beckett Banfield (President), Susan Walter, Deborah McKown, Jill Williams, Anne Batterson, Bonnie Stretch. *Second Row:* Deborah Bland (Secretary), Nancy Irwin, Judith Brainerd, Elizabeth Darling, Judith Lee, Betsy Peck, Sherrod Salsbury, Rachel McCormick, Maria Hincks, Linda Murphy.

Class VII

CLASS SEVEN OFFICERS

President: Beckett Banfield
Vice President: Susan Wilkins
Secretary: Deborah Bland
Treasurer: Betsy Peck
Junior O. S. A. Representative: Sally Walton
Junior O. S. A. Representative: Maria Hincks

Front Row, left to right: S. Taylor, C. Kohn, J. Cady, A. Butler (President), S. Taylor, L. Knox, E. Wilcock. *Second Row:* H. Wood, N. Austin, L. Read, S. David, S. Travis (Vice President), H. Farquhar, E. Gordon. *Third Row:* A. Cosmus, J. Andrews, B. Lodge, J. Faust, E. Strong, B. Deeds. *Absent:* P. Day (Secretary-Treasurer), P. Hanson.

Class VIII

CLASS EIGHT OFFICERS
President: Alice Butler
Vice President: Sandra Travis
Secretary-Treasurer: Pamela Day
O. S. A. Representative: Patricia Hanson

Front Row, left to right: A. Scoville, H. Perlysky, S. Hammond, W. Smith, B. Dunnell (President), J. VanDerlip, N. McGann, E. Brown, S. Chapman, G. Gordon. *Second Row:* B. Thomas N. Liberson, D. Burke, C. Goodman, M. Palmer, K. VanWinkle, H. Smith, S. Johnson, S. Clark, S. Smith, A. Dauch, J. Hasselbrack. *Third Row:* M. Roby, C. Strike, J. Jones, B. Snow, E. Walker, S. Scherer, B. Fried, S. Holt, E. Houghton, L. Heublein.

Class IX

CLASS NINE OFFICERS

President: Barbara Dunnell

Vice President: Louise Heublein

Secretary: Susanne Johnson

O. S. A. Representative: Suzanne Hammond

Treasurer: Constance Strike

Front Row, left to right: K. McLane, S. Banks (Secretary-Treasurer), C. Adams, S. Hirschfeld (Vice President), S. Fisher (President), P. Cunningham, C. Sturman, S. Carvalho, E. Brainard. *Second Row:* P. McCance, M. Ford, A. Whitman, H. Learned, S. Safford, L. Delaney, E. Goodrich, G. Myers, R. Richards, J. Green. *Third Row:* M. Fluty, L. Levin, C. January, S. Solly, D. White, B. Adams, M. Harvey, N. Cady, P. Connolly. *Absent:* E. Sisbower.

Class X

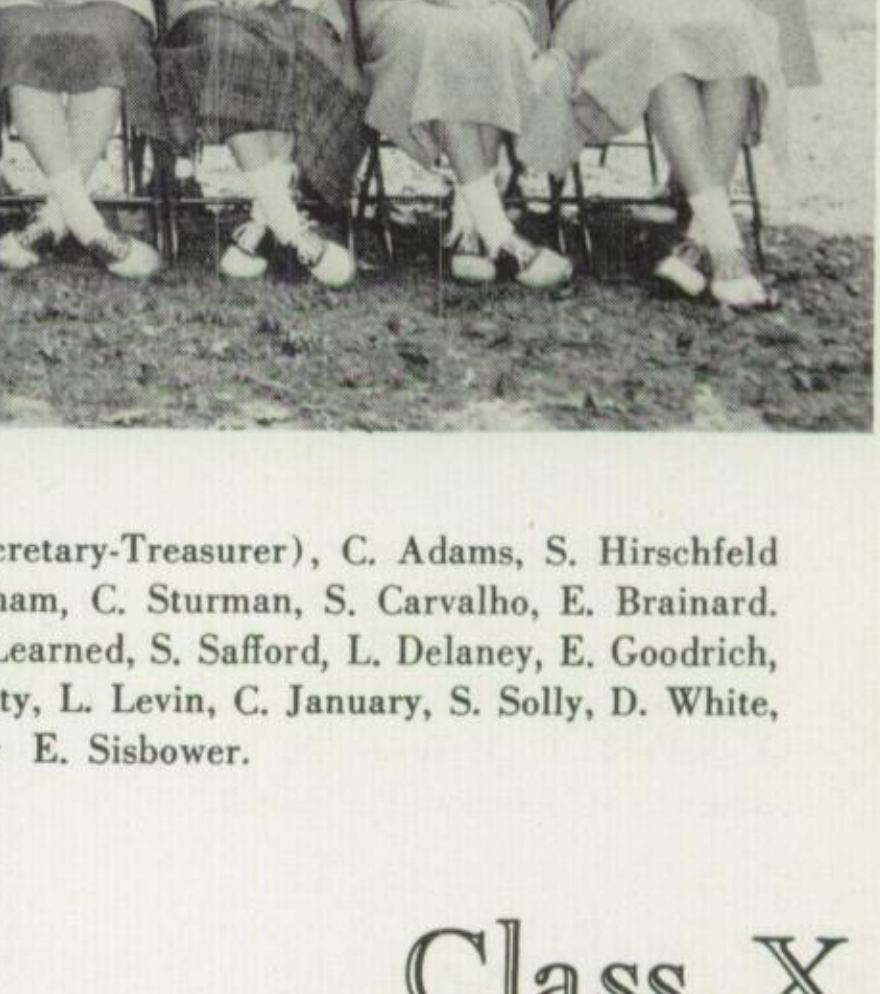
CLASS TEN OFFICERS

President: Susan Fisher

Vice President: Sheila Hirschfeld

Secretary-Treasurer: Sherry Banks

O. S. A. Representative: Sandra Solly



Front Row, left to right: H. Clifford, B. Hooker, S. Gershel, J. Elbaum, C. Marks, O. Campaine (President), M. Tate (Vice President), S. Grant, S. Gladstein, W. Williams, P. Ray, J. Sansone. *Second Row:* L. Hyde, B. Dew, S. Mahoney, L. Martyn, P. Phelps, C. Goldenthal, R. Miner, J. Heard, F. Learned. V. O'Connell, C. Hanson, A. Peterson. *Third Row:* M. Davis, C. Smith, J. Safford, B. McBride, N. Faust, A. Mirabile, M. Pearsall, B. Fisher, B. Shultz, K. Johnson. *Absent:* H. Johnson, P. Dimock.

Class XI

CLASS ELEVEN OFFICERS

President: Olga Campaine

Vice President: Margaret Tate

Secretary-Treasurer: Ann Mirabile

O. S. A. Representative: Sandra Gladstein

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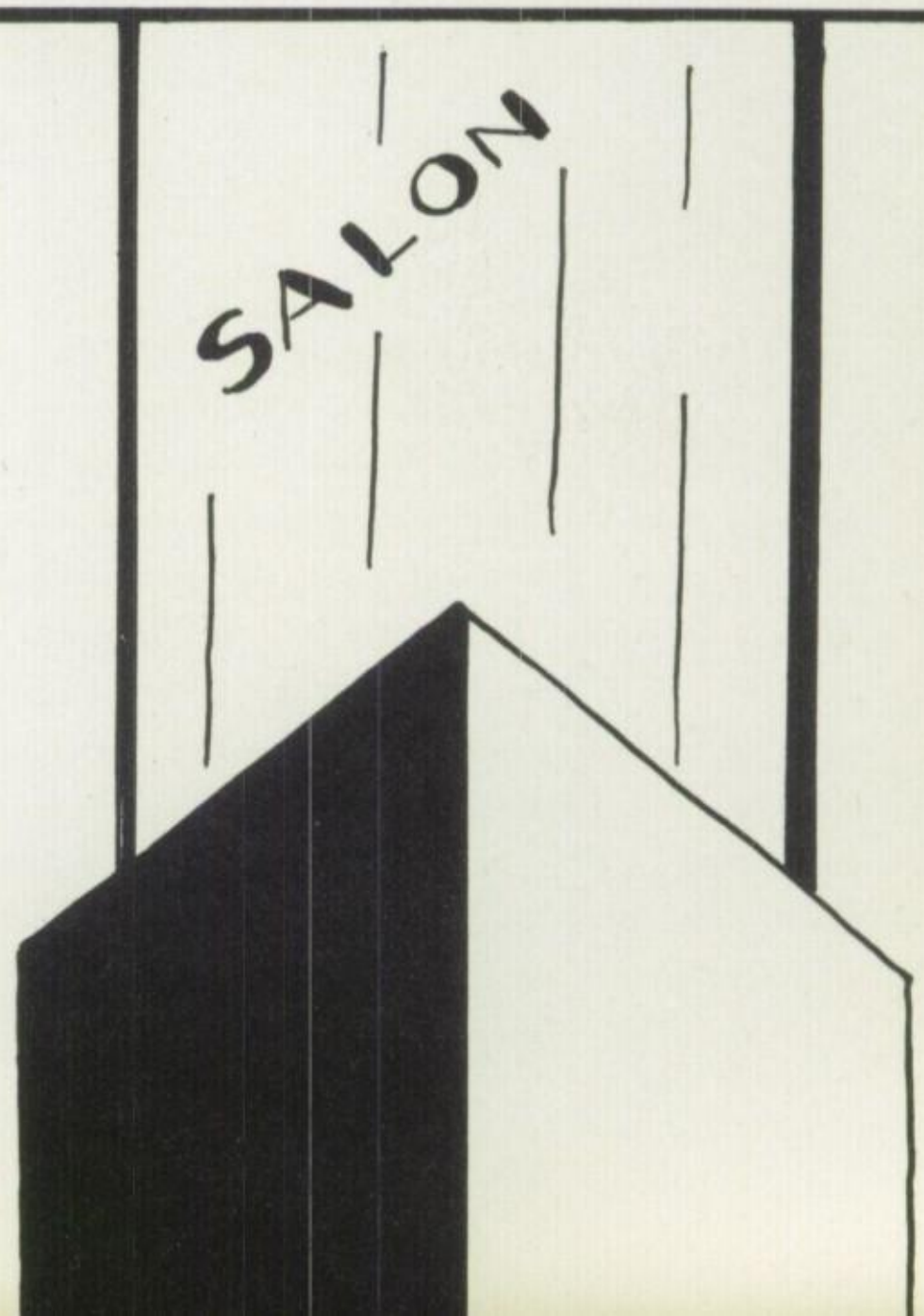


Front Row, left to right: Olga Campaine, Margaret Tate, Suzanne Hammond, Mary Jeanne Anderson (President), Barbara Dunnell, Louise Heublien, Sandra Solly. *Second Row:* Sheila Hirschfeld, Helen VosBurgh, Miss Evans, Miss Graff, Miss Hall, Cynthia Korper (Treasurer), Sandra Gladstein. *Third Row:* Susan Fisher, Judith Molinar, Judith Simons, Mary Jane Adams (Secretary), Joan Safford (Vice President), Emily Hall, Gail Allen.

The Oxford Council

The Oxford Council, consisting of eighteen students and three faculty, is the governing body of the Oxford School Association. About half its number serves each semester as the Court. In the Council meetings matters which affect the school as a whole are discussed. They may concern some change in the Constitution, improvements in hall or study hall conditions, or similar matters. The basis of our government is the Honor System. There are no proctors in study hall or library; there is no one to see that each girl obeys every rule. A girl may be reminded to report herself, or actually be reported to the vice-president of the O.S.A. when she has broken a rule, but for the most part the responsibility for taking care of herself is up to each individual. This system has been incorporated into our government to make each one of us more aware of our responsibilities and to make us better prepared to face our independence in college.

Front Row, left to right: Mary Elizabeth Fluty, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Hope Johnson (Vice President), Miss Lasell, Emily Hall (President), Cynthia Korper (Secretary), Jennifer Gordon, Suzanne Hammond. *Second Row:* Marjorie Harvey, Cynthia Hanson, Page Phelps, Beverly Shultz, Judith Molinar, Joan Safford.

Athletic Council

Athletic Council is to the Athletic Association what the Oxford Council is to the Oxford School Association. It has about a dozen members and its advisors are the gym teachers; it assists the Physical Education Department and fosters good sportsmanship. Among the Council's many projects the most important is the organizing of the Oxford Fair for the benefit of Service Club. It is in charge of games for the Old Girl—New Girl party and the Father-Daughter banquet, and sponsors team games with the alumnae, faculty, and parents. Ski trips, weather permitting, are under the club's sponsorship. This year the council hopes to show a series of sports movies during assemblies. Each girl in Athletic Council has responsibility, whether it consists of taking care of the flag, advising girls who are trying out, running a booth during the Fair, or attending meetings to discuss methods of increasing interest in these activities.

Front Row, left to right: Sally Gershel, Helene Liberson, Pauline McCance, Ann Whitman, Olga Campaine, Harriet Clifford, Sheila Hirschfeld, Norma Scafarello, Sherry Banks, Wendy Smith. *Second Row:* Helen VosBurgh, Barbara McBride, Faith Learned, June Heard, Page Phelps, Mrs. Diaz, Caroline January, Lois Levin, Sabra Grant, Margaret Tate, Sandra Gladstein. *Absent:* Priscilla Dimock (president).

Dance Club

The purpose of Dance Club is to further in each girl her interest and capability in modern dance. The club is open to any girl in Classes IX through XII who has had some training in dance. The girls are chosen for their potentiality and ability to develop technically and creatively. The club has had an extremely busy year beginning with the production of "Brigadoon" on November 16, followed by another performance of "Brigadoon" on January 11 for Mitchell House. In the spring dances already prepared and others were exchanged with the Dance Club of St. Margaret's School. To finish our year a modern dance technique class was conducted by Nona Schurman and sponsored by Dance Club.

Front Row, left to right: J. Simons, M. Tate, W. Williams, S. Grant, M. Peck (President), H. VosBurgh, L. Bland, O. Campaine, N. Scafarello. *Second Row:* J. Adams, V. O'Connell, E. Hall, Mme. LaBrecque, Miss Harry, Mrs. Dexter, A. Rogers, L. Hyde, J. Pike. *Third Row:* B. Fisher, N. Faust, H. Johnson, A. Mirabile, J. Molinar, J. Muter, J. Olson, A. Tillinghast, J. Safford.

French Club

Salon Français meets twice a month at the homes of different members. Meetings are conducted in French, and the program is varied, including speakers, records, movies, games, songs, and an occasional meeting with another group like the French Club of Loomis. Each year Salon adopts a French orphan and sends several packages of gifts and clothing during the year. Students who have completed two years of upper school French and who are genuinely interested are eligible for membership. Salon's aim is to promote and improve the use of spoken French in a non-academic atmosphere.

Front Row, left to right: Diane Davis, Gail Allen, Gilda Sheketoff (President), Mrs. Paul, Arline Soderberg, Mary Jeanne Anderson, Marjorie Short. *Second Row:* Elizabeth Taylor, Gretchen Jaeger, Mary Pearsall, Bettina Pierce, L. Ann Baldwin, Laura Martyn.

Spanish Club

La Tertulia Espanola is made up of girls who have had at least one year of Spanish and who show ability and interest in the language. Meetings are held once a month at the homes of the members. Here the girls are given the opportunity to meet and talk with their teacher and invited guests in a social environment. Spanish is spoken as much as possible during the business meetings and is compulsory during the tea hour. The program is usually planned by the hostess and may include movies, music, a guest speaker, or Spanish games and skits by the members. In past years joint meetings have been held with the Spanish Clubs of Loomis and Kingswood Schools.

Front Row, left to right: Hope Johnson, Wendy Williams (Assistant Editor), Nancy Faust (Editor), Barbara McBride, Vitaline O'Connell. *Second Row:* Sandra Gladstein, Ann Mirabile, Miss Gibney, Cynthia Smith, Judith Faust, Margaret Tate.

Chat Board

Chat, the school newspaper, aims to record the activities of students, alumnae, and faculty, and to be a guiding and thought-provoking part of Oxford. News, feature articles, regular columns, and pictures make up this four-page paper printed several times during the academic year. Girls who work on *Chat* find that there is much more to putting out an issue than writing its contents. The members of the editorial and business boards, chiefly drawn from Class XI, learn the responsibility involved in selecting news, meeting deadlines, and working within a budget. The entire staff becomes aware of the necessity for complete accuracy in reporting, typing, and proof-reading. *Chat* is exchanged with papers of many schools and colleges throughout New England, and through its columns news of Oxford reaches friends outside of school as well as those within the Oxford community.

Front Row, left to right: Miss Hamilton, Helen VosBurgh (President), Miss Jarrell. *Second Row:* Susan Safford, Kathleen Johnson, Loulie Hyde.

Service Club Executive Board

Service Club, the largest club in Oxford, is very active. Volunteers work at the Hartford Hospital, Saint Francis Hospital, the Union Settlement, Mitchell House, and at the Blood Donor Bank. In addition to volunteer work at the Union Settlement, we send eight dozen homemade cookies for the "60" Club, weekly, and at Thanksgiving provide the turkeys for the club's dinner. At Christmas this year we sent gifts to the Frontier Nursing Service for children in the Kentucky mountains. Athletic Council annually holds a fair for the benefit of the Service Club budget. This enables us to give to the Red Cross, the Heart Fund, the Community Chest, and to other organizations. We help to support an orphan, and by giving up dessert one day a week can contribute to the World Student Fellowship Fund. Because Service Club has the support and cooperation of the whole school we are able to do these things.

Front Row, left to right: K. Johnson, S. Grant, D. Davis, C. Marks, M. Pearsall, A. Baldwin (President), J. Muter, J. Elbaum, A. Soderberg, B. Hooker, O. Campaine. *Second Row:* B. Pierce, J. Molinar, M. Peck, A. Mirabile, J. Olson, M. Davis, Miss Hall, J. Adams, M. Short, J. Pike, F. Learned.

Political Science Club

The Political Science Club is made up of about twenty seniors and juniors who are interested in government and wish to know better our political organs and the people who run them. During the past three years the club has enjoyed numerous outside speakers, including state officials, civic leaders, and political analysts. Several field trips have been taken to the state capitol, the state library, the Supreme Court of Errors, the City Council, Newgate Prison, the Fire Department, and a newspaper plant. A few members of the group attended one or more sessions of the United Nations and visited the United States Supreme Court and Congress. This year special emphasis has been placed on the United Nations in preparation for Oxford's participation in the model United Nations Assembly to be held at Hillyer College in the spring.

Front Row, left to right: Harriet Clifford, Lois Levin, Sheila Hirschfeld. *Second Row:* Cassandra Sturman, Helene Liberson.

Music Workshop

Music Workshop, directed by Marion Boron-Ziemba, was organized in order to give girls who have studied music for at least five years an opportunity to play together and to hear recordings of the classical repertoire by outstanding performers. The Workshop endeavors to stimulate interest in musical activities both in the school and in the community by bringing to the attention of the student body announcements of recitals and concerts given in Hartford.

Front Row, left to right: Betty Adams, Caroline January, Elsie Goodrich, Hope Learned, Sabra Grant, Joan Elbaum, Suzanne Hammond, Lisa Scoville. *Second Row:* Kathleen Johnson, Barbara McBride, Faith Learned, Anne Rogers, Mrs. Wilson, Pamela Connolly, Nancy Cady, Roxanne Richards, Eleanor Brainard.

Art Workshop

Art Workshop is a comparatively new club, organized in 1949, for those girls in Classes IX through XII who are interested in art and in developing their artistic abilities. Weekly meetings are held in the art studio under the direction of Mrs. Wilson. The members choose a project such as modeling a room of a house, fashion designing or abstract designing, and work on it throughout the year. When completed, the best projects are put on display.

Front Row, left to right: Gail Allen, Wendy Williams (Chairman), Barbara McBride. *Second Row:* Elizabeth Brown, Mary Elizabeth Fluty.

Chapel Committee

Chapel Choir

Front Row, left to right: Judith Sansone, Sabra Grant, Wendy Williams, Cynthia Korper, Lois Levin, Priscilla Cunningham, Pauline McCance, Elizabeth Taylor. *Second Row:* Diane Davis, Emily Hall, Mary Pearsall, Joan Safford, Vitaline O'Connell, Nancy Faust, Beverly Shultz.

Glee Club

The Glee Club, conducted by Marion Boron-Ziemba, has become one of the largest clubs at Oxford, with a membership of more than one-third of the school. One of the highlights of Glee Club's activities is the joint concert and dance each year with a neighboring boys' school; this year the club gave a most successful concert with the Yale Freshmen Chorus. Part of this program was repeated at the Christmas Carol Service. The club is also scheduled to give a choral concert in the spring and will sing as usual at Commencement. Chapel Choir is composed of about sixteen girls who are most outstanding in Glee Club. Each morning they lead the singing during the chapel service, and they form a small ensemble for special portions of choral works sung by the Glee Club.

Paint and Putty

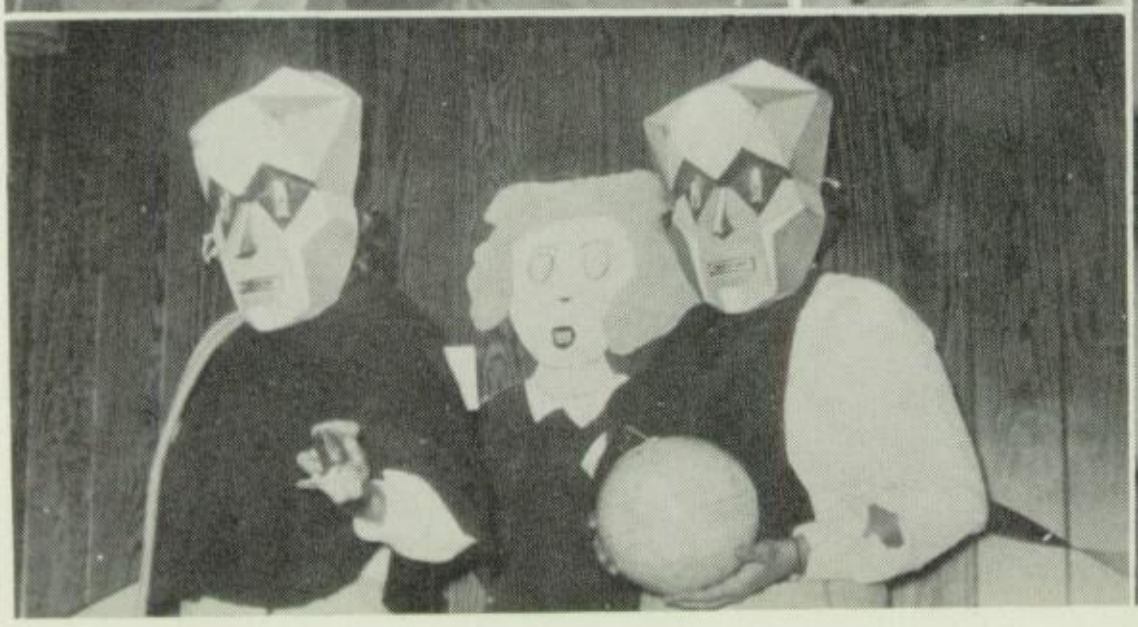
Paint and Putty endeavors to give each member an opportunity to express her talents and to achieve training in both acting and play production. The club is so organized that a student may take part in the phase of dramatic work that most interests her, but the student's knowledge of the entire field of dramatics is emphasized. Group cooperation and individual responsibility are stressed. The club usually presents two productions a year, one in the fall and a major play in the spring. This year Paint and Putty gave a joint production with Dance Club, a sketch from "Brigadoon" and "This Bull Ate Nutmeg". In the spring Paint and Putty and the Kingswood Dramatic Club will collaborate on a production of "Our Town". Of late the club has repeated performances before community and school groups. At several club meetings each year films and lectures on theater production are presented.

Glee Club

Front Row, left to right: Brown, McCance, McLane, Safford, Ford, Campaine, Gladstein, Hooker, Cunningham, Goodrich, Tate, Williams. *Second Row:* Sturman, Delaney, Sansone, Learned, O'Connell, Hyde, Levin, Davis (President), Solly, Soderberg, Korper, Scarfarello, Grant, Miner, Anderson. *Third Row:* Smith, Molinar, Adams, Brainard, Hall, Simons, Goldenthal, Tillinghast, Short, Holt, Snow, Smith, Carvalho, Safford, Hanson, Connolly, Jaeger, Taylor, Sheketoff. *Fourth Row:* Mirabile, Myers, Peck, Fisher, Dunnell, Baldwin, Roby, Smith, Fisher, Pearsall, Davis, McBride, Shultz, Faust, Heublein. *Absent*, Mrs. Ziemba.

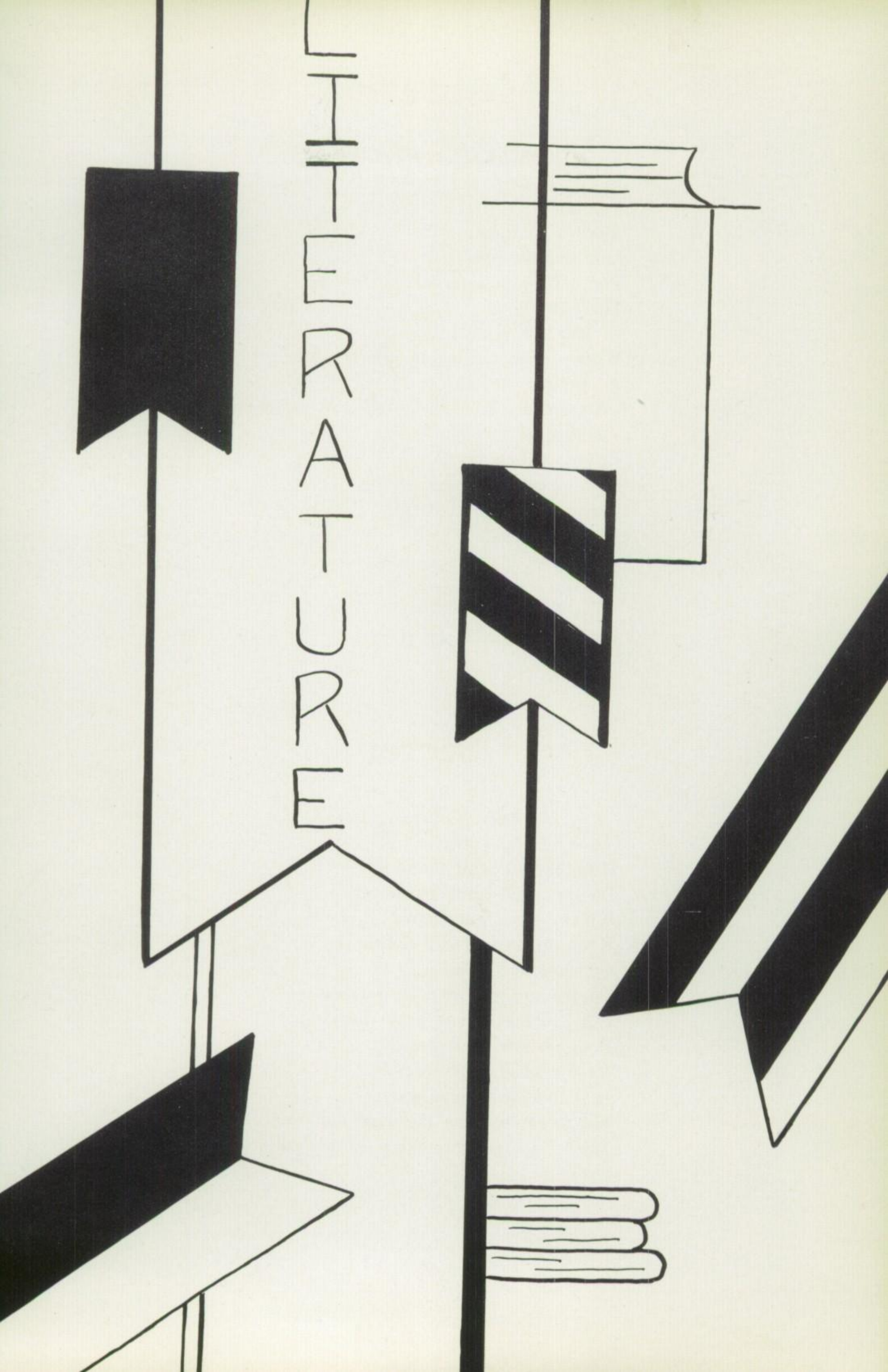
Paint and Putty

Front Row, left to right: Scoville, McLane, Chapman, Hammond, Ford, Hirschfeld, Campaine, Whitman, Elbaum, Hooker, Goodrich, Tate, Williams. *Second Row:* Mahoney, Sansone, Ray, Gordon, Hyde, O'Connell, Solly, Johnson, Strike, Dauch, Dew, Miner, White. *Third Row:* Palmer, Adams, Brainard, Allen, Simons, Walker, Heard, Goldenthal, Adams, Tillinghast, Rogers, Mrs. Gavert, Jaeger, Phelps, Harvey, Richards, Carvalho, Myers, Jones, Connolly, Safford, Fluty, Learned. *Fourth Row:* Mirabile, Green, Peck, Fisher, Thomas, Olson, Muter, Pierce, Houghton, Fisher, Pearsall, Cady, Johnson, Davis.



PLEASE
SOUND
HORN

LITERATURE



Meditation

Vitaline O'Connell, Class XI

You stood
Alone with these:
Cool drowsy trees,
The mellow murmur of the breeze;
The friendliness
Of fragrant grass,
Where tribes of singing insects pass;
A gurgling vat
Of water, that has ancient tales to chuckle at;
Embrace of thy
Bright smiling sky,
And joyous bird-song trilling by.
This loneliness
I must confess,
Was never in my mind's recess.
But wiser grown,
I too have known
How good it is to be alone.

Secret

Wendy Williams, Class XI

How, in the great meadow,
Do the small birds remember
Which homes are theirs?
How, in the fantastic sameness
Of snow and cold,
Do the squirrels find their treasures?
How, in the infinite gray churning,
Does the sea gull pounce
On his small silver prey?
It is the mysterious law,
The secret between the wind and rain,
The whispered knowledge of the willows.

November Thoughts

Louise Heublein, Class IX

When I sat down to write my English composition, I couldn't think of a thing to say. My mind was immune to inspiration of any kind; therefore I went for a walk.

While walking, I came upon a field where remained some broken and withered cornstalks keeping company with brown, dry grass, long dead. The field sloped down to a far corner where a pool of silent water lodged, a product of the recent rain. I turned toward the west. There, like a length of striped Roman silk stretched across the sky, the pink, gold, grey and blue sunset shone. A tree stood out vividly against this background, black and naked, its leaves like a shroud at its feet. The stark branches moved and swayed, undulantly propelled by a rising wind. I shivered and turned towards home.

I walked into the house and saw my untouched paper still on the table where I had left it. Suddenly the picture of the field I had just left snapped into my mind. The pool was my quiet mind, unable to think. The dried, dead grass and cornstalks were the thoughts already put on paper, ideas I could not use again. The tree was my bare structure, groping for words, set against the back-drop of thoughts and ideas I was unable to mold.

Summer Night

Faith Learned, Class XI

Downstairs a screen door slammed and she heard the sound of laughing voices. She turned over and reached down to scratch her knee, and her pajamas felt wet and sticky. The air hung so heavy and warm over her that every breath was an effort. Somebody was playing a guitar outside. Plink, plink, plonka, plunk. "Irene, goodni-i-ight, Irene, goodnight," the words floated in through the window, mixed with the saccharine sweetness of honeysuckle.

"Oh, shut up!" she said. "Shut up, shut up, shut up!"

Plink, plink, plonka, plunk.

She buried her head in her pillow and kicked at the end of her bed. "Darn, darn, darn!"

Plink, plink, plonka, plunk.

Tears of anger ran down her cheeks. It wasn't fair. She hated her brother for having a party and not inviting her.

The sheet had somehow wrapped itself around her and something hard was sticking into her ribs. A crayon. She held it in her hot wet fingers until it softened, and then rolled it into a little round ball. Sitting up, she threw it across the room toward the window, and it stuck onto the mirror in a bright red blob which seemed to drip down the mirror. "Blood," she thought. "Looks like blood." She squinted, and the lamp above the mirror became a head with blood dripping from it. She stared at the face with a cold cheshire-cat smile on her face. So he thought she would save him, did he? Well, it was too late now for pity, and he would pay for the miserable night she was spending.

A foghorn off in the distance brought her back to reality, and she shivered at the wickedness of her imagination. Suddenly a little breeze brushed past her, taking her hair in its fingers and blowing against her face. She pattered quietly across the room and knelt in front of the window. Stretching out a hot creased arm, she felt a cool drop of water fall against it. A car started and chugged off down the road in a cloud of dust. A pair of feet pattered across the floor, a bed creaked, and then there was nothing but the soft sound of rain.

Experience

Barbara McBride, Class XI

Experience involves so much!
To be familiar with life
I must have loved and hated,
Felt the pangs of jealousy and
grief.
It seems to me there are so
many trials
I must go through,
So long a time before experience
is mine.
And yet, sometimes I wonder —
How many of the worldly, experienced
people have not felt
The yearning to be a child
again,
Playing?

Do You Ski?

Mimi Ford, Class X

If you are a non-skier you have probably stopped to wonder, when you see a car loaded with skis, poles and other paraphernalia, why people go skiing. Why do they go off to the hills and mountains in the bitter cold and almost freeze their hands and feet falling in the snow and holding a wet tow rope, when they can sit at home in front of a toasty fire and read a good book? Even if I try to answer the question, you will never fully understand until you strap on a pair of skis and go flying down a snow-covered slope or share in some way the sensations of the skier.

He stands at the top of the slope, poised like a bird ready for flight. Then he pushes with his poles, and the excitement and tremendous rhythm of a downhill run begin. The wild music of the wind whistles in his ears. The slope rises and falls beneath his skis. He feels the slow rhythm of his sweeping turns. The skier sinks into a deep crouch, gaining speed on the ever-steepening slope until finally a powerful shifting of his weight brings the skis around to a stop amid the enormous spray of powder snow. Looking back up the slope he sees the sweeping curves of his christianias — a skier's signature. Resuming his downhill run, he leaves the open slopes and enters the woods below the timberline. The pines and maples separate in the nick of time to let the skier through. Fallen trees and big boulders miraculously leap aside, unraveling impossible paths for the skis. Coming at last into the open, the skier makes a neat "christy" at the end of a line of people waiting to get on the lift. His legs are tired but the weariness will have left by the time he gets on the lift.

Now do you wonder why people go skiing?

Indians On The Warpath

Priscilla Cunningham, Class X

Drums beating
Hearts throbbing
Blood surging
Warpath!
Braves singing
Braves dancing
Braves chanting
Warpath!

The Sea

JILL WILLIAMS, Class VII

I like the sound of the roaring sea,
The gulls and waves just fascinate me.
As the white-caps sparkle and gleam,
The lines in the sand make a picturesque stream,
With splashing waves against the rocks,
And puddles made on the unsteady docks.
The sea is the place where I long to be,
And the mystery of everything lies in the sea.

"Who Hath Not Seen Thee Oft Amid Thy Store"

SMEDLEY CHAPMAN, Class IX

Driving out in the country last weekend we stopped at an open-air market. Through the open window of the car I could see people scurrying about buying all sorts of provisions for the months ahead. I suppose they did not realize what a precious thing they were purchasing. They were purchasing a small, very small, part of the spirit of autumn.

The plump, mellow pumpkins were painted by a golden brush; the artist was taught by the Master. Bushels and bushels of apples, their tantalizing aroma drifting through the air, made my mouth water. Each apple, tri-colored in green, yellow, and red, was at its peak of perfection. The gourds, swelled by the maturing sun, were shaped with the gentleness of some lovely spirit, guided by a greater spirit. The corn strung across the eaves had such vibrant color, as if the sun had burned each kernel to some planned degree. An old woman, bent with age, was selling baskets of late flowers, which had succeeded in dodging the killer of many fall products. Their heads were nodding in the soft breeze as it lived or died.

As I gazed across these wonders, I could feel an over-all spirit which had planned and perfected these gifts of nature. Everyone has surely felt the spirit of autumn, in one way or another, for in every walk of life it is present. Everyone has looked at this spirit, but has everyone really seen it?

(Suggested by "Ode to Autumn" by Keats)

A Match When Lighted . . .

Katrina McLane, Class X

When a match is lighted, the head of the match bursts into flame, and a strong odor fills the room for a few minutes. The flame has a variety of colors; each forms the shape of a horseshoe around the head of a matchstick. There is a blue ring at the base of the flame, then a light orange ring, and finally a faint yellow ring at the top of the flame, which blends into the colorless air. As the flame slowly creeps along to the end of the matchstick, leaving only black, charred waste behind it, a tiny stream of liquid plays tag with the flame and runs down the matchstick just ahead of the flame. When the end of the matchstick is reached, the game of tag between the tiny stream of liquid and the flame is over, and there is nothing left but a black, charred matchstick.

Reverie

Sheila Mahoney, Class XI

Don't scorn my invitation when summer casts its spell,
To lie beneath a cloudless sky, and dream of things to be.
The scent of roses lingers, the birds a story tell,
Of wondrous places far away, unknown to you or me.
The grass beneath your golden head an emerald pillow lays,
The trees reach out to close your eyes with fingers cool and soft.
Sleep well, my child, you're still so young; enjoy these childhood days,
God watches you, protects your steps from heaven's throne aloft.

A Storm On The Sea

Pamela Day, Class VIII

All is calm. The waves lap peacefully on the sandy shore. Gradually a wind comes up, growing stronger by the minute. Soon it is no longer a wind, but a torrent of air rushing by, sweeping all in its path. The waves no longer lap peacefully on the shore, but roar up the beach, each swell growing a little bigger and a little fiercer than the one before. They seem to wish to tear the rocks and sand from the ground!

Far out, the white-caps look like scurrying sheep as the sea swallows them, only to have them reappear again in almost the same spot. Not a bird can be seen anywhere. A Coastguard cutter beats its way out to a stranded liner that looks like an ant in the distance.

Then, just as quickly as it had come, the storm leaves. Once more the waves lap peacefully, and the gulls and terns wheel slowly over the now blue sea. The fishing boats glide out of the harbor with all sails set, and pleasure boats set off for a day's cruise.

The storm is over. Once more the sea is at rest.

Life

Eunice Strong, Class VIII

One of the many things that means most to me is life. I have always valued my life above anything I own or anything anyone else owns. I have always considered every moment as if it would be my last and in that way I have enjoyed life thoroughly.

I would help someone who was in trouble or give life for freedom. I know it is a sweeping statement, but I have thought about it quite a little. I have come close to death a few times and value things highly that I used to take for granted.

I love everything, even things that are hard to face. These things seem to be something that I must conquer, not to be conceited about but to have accomplished. It is what Mount Everest was during the war to the boys who were flying missions. After they had flown over the Hump, they felt a great satisfaction, and they knew they had accomplished something quite great.

When I have done something which to me seems quite hard to face, I feel proud that I have accomplished it, and I feel like singing.

I love life and enjoy every second of it.

The Masterpiece Of Autumn

Judith Simons, Class XII

I had never seen anything quite so beautiful as that day. The sun was shining gloriously, as though happy with what it saw. The sky looked more blue than ever before, as if it too wanted a part in a human memory of lovely things. The foliage was brilliant with gorgeous reds and yellows, as only leaves in the mountains can be. They were giving forth a final beauty before the cold winds swept them away.

It wasn't like a contest to see which was best, but rather a product of teamwork, each doing its part to the fullest to make the whole countryside a magnificent showpiece. What took my breath was the combination of the glorious sun, the azure sky, and the brilliant foliage.

When I looked at this masterpiece I suddenly felt the need for religion, which is, after all, a belief in a divine power. What was before me was a work of that power, not an example of manufactured artificiality. I realized that in this scene I saw something that wasn't haphazardly put together, but a planned work of art created in magnificent colors by a great Being, declaring His might. His world of the autumn is apart from the rest of civilization; that day was the zenith of days, crowning God's earth with His glory.

Inspiration

Loulie Hyde, Class XI

You search for it.
You search for that
One pin-point of reality;
That one little catch
In the voice
Of your mind.
That one little catch
To be recalled and
Mulled over and
Enlarged into
Reality.

Winter Moods

Carol Goodman, Class IX

The snow drifted silently by my window. I was wondering what snow would be like in other parts of the country. I was wondering what people would be doing out in the storm. I had snow in my mind.

The Rockies would be deep in snow already. They start having blizzards in October. The wind would be whistling through the mountain passes, and drifts would pile into small mountains of snow. The deer would be looking for food that he would never find. The jack-rabbit would be so white you couldn't distinguish him from the snow itself. It would be beautiful. You could walk for miles and not see a soul. It would be lonely, silent, but oh, so beautiful.

On the plains there would be also a blizzard that had lasted for three days. The drifts would be piled high against the desolate farmhouses. The wind would keep piling the drifts even higher. Inside a little farmhouse people would be singing, reading or doing anything to keep occupied because they couldn't get outside for a few more days. Then a stray cow would come into the distance. Would she ever get back to the warmth of the barn?

Here in New England the snow had stopped. The world was a soft white in the gathering twilight. There were sounds coming from the hill where the children were sliding. Then all of a sudden it was dark. The whole countryside lay in a soft, cold, darkness. Here and there were the noises of children coming home from play. All at once it was silent, not a sound was heard anywhere. Then a church bell sounded over the quiet, peaceful countryside.

On Trying To Understand God And The Universe

Evelyn Houghton, Class IX

My many thoughts
Float like balloons
In the shadows of my mind
Mounting, murmuring,
Till they bind
On the brink of understanding
Balancing, but never landing.

Oh, Little Boy . . .

Nancy Faust, Class XI

I see you there, oh little boy, behind that slender tree;
I know, you little fiend, how you are going to pounce on me.
You'll throw a stone, or pull my hair; you'll pull my kitten's tail,
And if I ever frown at you, all chaos will prevail.
You rise at dawn and wake the house; "What time is it?" you say,
But when it's time for breakfast—then you're somewhere far away.
You're inside seeking comics, nails, and cookies all day long,
But way outdoors if Auntie, girls, or bedtime comes along.
You make a liar out of me, and work me like a slave;
You scare me half to death with all the frogs and worms you save.
You mess my house, draw on my walls, and scandalize my guests;
You write on money while in play; you flunk your spelling tests.
We suffer, eating Sopps-crisps, so you can get a ring,
But when the wondrous ring arrives, you ask: "What? That old thing?"
But though you make the darkness reign, you cause the sun to shine—
And little boy, my little boy, how glad I am you're mine!

New England Rhapsody

Joan Safford, Class XI

It rises there stark and gray,
A memorial to man's eternal toil
Of wresting a living from this barren stony land.
This is a home, a dwelling place,
Blending harmoniously with the earth;
Windswept, sand buffeted, deep sunk,
Its salt flavored shingles may harbor many new generations.
No sturdy trees protect the threshold
Against winter's cold and summer's heat,
From the fields have come the angular stones
With which the man has enclosed his inheritance
Away from the world; destined forever austere and alone.

A Football Game

(Suggested by Chancer's *Prologue*)

Sheila Hirschfeld, Class X

When fall has come and decked the trees with leaves
Of colors rich and rare, and tiny buds
Have gone to sleep, deprived of breath by fall's
Crisp breeze; and people back from rests do come,
To start once more their businesses; and schools
Reopen for the year; then many thoughts
To sports do turn, and for football specially yearn,
To root their team to victory, and see
Who will the victor be? And to one game
I chanced to go, and now it's my intent
To tell of people I observed while there,
So you can see the great variety.
A boy there was who sat in front of me
Who seemed to be on no one's side, and each
Time that a play was made, he'd grunt and tell
Its faults to those about, and how it should
Be done. He seemed a pompous lad, and wore
A thick lined coat and hat. Throughout the game
He sat at ease and sneered at everyone
About. He turned to look in back of him
And I saw on his face a jagged scar
That emphasized the scorn deep in his eyes.
He sat amidst a crowd of folk, and yet
It seemed to me, that though he spoke with all
Those folk, he seemed to be alone.
He was a wise guy, by all means, and soon
I learned he had not made the team this year.
Aside of me and to my right there was
A kind old man who sat with pride upon
His face, though modesty was trying hard
To chase it off; his son was on the team.
He cheered along with all the rest but did
Not raise his voice too high. His face was red
And matched his woolly scarf, which showed up bright
Against his dark tweed coat. Though it was cold,
I looked at him and I was warmed by love

Which shone upon the field from eyes of him
Who watched his son's each move.
The half approached when up the aisle a young
Girl came, but not to see the game, I guessed.
Her high gold heels were wobbling treach'rously
Upon the bleachers. Once she stopped to look
Around, and then came up and sat by me.
Her shaggy furs fell on my lap; she bumped
My head while reaching to adjust her hat
She jabbed my ribs while digging in her bag
In search of things like powder, cigarettes,
And lipstick. Throughout the game she did annoy
With questions, squeaks and restlessness, and at
The end she leaned toward me and asked, "Who won?"

The Frost

Hope Johnson, Class XI

It had been a beautiful September day. The sky had been blue, and the first fallen leaves, kicked high into the air by gusts of young winds, had fallen chattering and laughing to the ground to skid around before coming to a bucking halt against the stone wall. Everyone and everything had felt the thrill of the chill air mixed with the balmy air of the summer. The summer flowers, the zinnias, the poppies, the petunias, and the roses, had danced with the queens of the fall, the chrysanthemums and the Japanese lanterns. Their heads had bobbed across each other's stems so that it had been impossible to tell which happy face belonged to which green plant. Next had come the evening when the chill air had overpowered that of the summer. The wind had ceased and everything was still under the bright shining stars and the harvest moon.

Now in the morning, the sun is up and shining and the sky is already blue, foretelling another beautiful day. Today, however, the chrysanthemums and the Japanese lanterns will dance alone.

Lighthouse

Margery Peck, Class XII

The grass and rocks were coarse on our bare feet as we approached the old lighthouse. It was uninhabited, and we felt as if we had made a true discovery. Here was something new to explore. It rested solitary on the highest point of the island overlooking the water, where the continuous splash of the waves broke over the rocks. The waves seemed to play an important part in keeping it alive, as conversation in a sense can keep a human alive and free from madness. The only other audible sound was the bell out in the water, ringing the days and months away with its mournful, incessant "dong . . . dong."

The large figurehead of a ship stood in front of the lighthouse. It was a colored man, his arms and head raised toward the heavens. Off to the right were the remains of what had once been a good car in its day, now a rusty, broken-down piece of junk.

We entered the house through the cellar, as all other doors and windows were locked or barred. As the door to the first floor creaked on its rusty hinges, a musty, damp smell came from within. My eye first perceived a large ship's wheel standing in a far corner. It had probably been there for years. The furniture was plain and old; it would have been well placed in an antique shop. Surprisingly enough the house was in quite good condition. There were two empty wooden coffins pushed up against the wall in the living room. There was a chest filled with old flags, many of them from ships, and signs which had once held their place on a ship. From the walls hung paintings of ships and representations of the sea. On a table was an old victrola, the kind you are compelled to wind by hand, and below on the floor was a box full of records. The records were in the shape of a glass with the bottom knocked out; they were very different from those of today. It took us a short time to decide how to play the machine, for it was entirely new to us. The songs were at a fast and lively tempo, old ones which I had never heard before. A desk in the room was filled with old letters, telegrams and documents. Some dated back to 1879 and before.

Upstairs seemed very neat and in good condition, except for the quantity of dust which had collected. Above the door of each bedroom stood a different sign, "Captain," "Ship's Mate," "Cook" and so on.

The lighthouse tower itself was one of the most interesting parts of our discoveries. A narrow, winding staircase led up to the tiny room on top. Glass windows were on all sides of the room making it possible for ships to be seen in all directions. The only piece of furniture was a small table on which lay a chart of the sea. A small door below one of the windows opened onto the narrow walk on the outside of the tower room, encircling it. The water looked bluer and prettier than ever from the high level which we were on, and the beauty and solitude of the lone, unfrequented island impressed us.

We felt it was an afternoon well spent as we climbed back into the boat and looked over our shoulders again at the lighthouse. Then the motor hummed and we drew further and further away, until the little island was finally lost from sight altogether.

Solus

Anne Rogers, Class XII

I knew him when he was a boy striving to reach maturity in a
hateful world,
Frail in body, but unlimited in thought.
This hostile planet spun him round and round, making him the
unwanted one, the outcast of the
group.
The brawny shoulders of sturdy boys shook from laughter as they
perceived his dark-rimmed glasses and book-
laden arms, his sallow complexion
and beardless cheeks.
With his prodigious mind he received high honors from professors,
but from his classmates he received the
thorns of scorn.
The months grew into years, the years into decades, He lived a
lonely scholarly life. As he taught, the memory of a jeering
crowd caused beads of perspiration to appear on his brow.
He read Ovid and Keats but never played with pigskin or tightly
strung racquets. At thirty-five he died, alone. His only
tribute was a simple service in a chapel sprinkled with the
group that had scoffed at him. Heads were bowed in sympathy
and linen lifted to quivering nostrils.
That afternoon in an activity of gaiety, the mourners' eyes were
wrinkled at the corners and their full mouths curved into
pleasant smiles while the music from the blaring horns
filled the room with joy.

School Enrollment

CLASS VII

Anthony, Juliette .....65 Westwood Road, West Hartford
Banfield, Beckett .....Hunter Drive, West Hartford
Batterson, Anne .....32 Birch Road, West Hartford
Bland, Deborah .....130 Mountain Road, West Hartford
Brainerd, Judith .....23 Pilgrim Road, West Hartford
Chapman, Phyllis .....46 Lexington Road, West Hartford
Darling, Elizabeth .....Simsbury
Hincks, Maria .....Mountain Spring Road, Farmington
Irwin, Nancy .....365 Ridgewood Road, West Hartford
Lee, Judith .....1909 Asylum Avenue, West Hartford
McCormick, Rachel .....Kenmore Road, Bloomfield
McKown, Deborah .....55 Wardwell Road, West Hartford
Murphy, Melinda .....60 Mountain View Drive, West Hartford
Peck, Betsy .....Duncaster Road, Bloomfield
Salsbury, Sherrod .....Guilmartin Road, West Hartford
Stretch, Bonnie .....Simsbury
Walker, Susan .....57 Mountain View Drive, West Hartford
Walton, Sally .....51 Lexington Road, West Hartford
Wilkins, Susan .....34 Hickory Lane, West Hartford
Williams, Jill .....1951 Albany Avenue, West Hartford

CLASS VIII

Andrews, Jane .....West Avon Road, Avon
Austin, Nancy .....94 Keeney Avenue, West Hartford
Butler, Alice .....204 North Quaker Lane, West Hartford
Cady, Jane .....Farmington
Cosmus, Ann .....Duncaster Road, Bloomfield
David, Sally .....Harwinton—RFD 2, Torrington
Day, Pamela .....1224 Prospect Avenue, Hartford
Deeds, Barbara .....Partridge Hollow, Farmington

Farquhar, Helen .....34 Bishop Road, West Hartford
Faust, Judith .....Cold Spring Drive, Bloomfield
Gordon, Elizabeth .....Old Mountain Road, Farmington
Hanson, Patricia .....West Ledge Road, West Simsbury
Knox, Leonice .....20 Pilgrim Road, West Hartford
Kohn, Cynthia .....348 North Steele Road, West Hartford
Lodge, Beatrice .....990 Prospect Avenue, Hartford
Martin, Sandra .....35 Woodside Circle, Hartford
Read, Lucy .....39 Middlefield Drive, West Hartford
Strong, Eunice .....1896 Albany Avenue, West Hartford
Taylor, Susan .....Orchard Road, West Hartford
Travis, Sandra .....1152 Trout Brook Drive, West Hartford
Wilcock, Edith .....155 Clifton Avenue, West Hartford
Wood, Heidi .....2045 Boulevard, West Hartford

CLASS IX

Brown, Elizabeth .....270 Bloomfield Avenue, West Hartford
Burke, Diana .....30 Lovely Street, Unionville
Chapman, Smedley .....6 Westmoreland Drive, West Hartford
Clark, Sally .....37 Main Street, Farmington
Dauch, Alicia .....1 Castlewood Road, West Hartford
Dunnell, Barbara .....320 North Quaker Lane, West Hartford
Fried, Elizabeth .....11 Fulton Place, West Hartford
Goodman, Carol .....15 Golf Road, West Hartford
Gordon, Jenifer .....Old Mountain Road, Farmington
Hammond, Suzanne .....333 North Steele Road, West Hartford
Hasselbrack, Judith .....30 Fulton Place, West Hartford
Heublein, Louise .....2596 Albany Avenue, West Hartford
Holt, Sally .....51 Brookside Boulevard, West Hartford
Houghton, Evelyn .....Terry Plains Road, Simsbury
Johnson, Susanne .....6 Sunnydale Road, West Hartford
Jones, Judy .....50 High Street, Farmington
Liberson, Helene .....62 Roslyn Street, Hartford
McGann, Nancy .....Waterville Road, Avon
Palmer, Martha .....350 North Steele Road, West Hartford

Perlysky, Harriet .....88 Whetten Road, West Hartford
Roby, Margot .....4 Paxton Road, West Hartford
Scherer, Susanne .....38 Bishop Road, West Hartford
Scoville, Alison .....334 North Steele Road, West Hartford
Smith, Holiday .....246 Henry Street, Manchester
Smith, Sharon .....56 Waterville Road, Farmington
Smith, Wendy .....Mountain Spring Road, Farmington
Snow, Barbara .....75 Craigmoor Road, West Hartford
Strike, Constance .....Cedar Ledge Road, West Hartford
Thomas, Bettina .....17 Brookline Drive, West Hartford
Van Derlip, Jean .....15 Owings Road, West Hartford
Van Winkle, Kate .....232 Kenyon Street, Hartford
Walker, Emily .....34 Ledyard Road, West Hartford

CLASS X

Adams, Betty .....Kenmore Road, Bloomfield
Banks Sherry .....40 Whetten Road, West Hartford
Brainard, Eleanor .....830 Prospect Avenue, Hartford
Cady, Nancy .....Avon—RFD Unionville
Carvalho, Susan .....27 Walbridge Road, West Hartford
Connolly, Pamela .....Old Mill Lane, Simsbury
Cunningham, Priscilla .....75 Bloomfield Avenue, Hartford
Delaney, Lois .....802 Prospect Street, Wethersfield
Fisher, Susan .....23 Stratford Road, West Hartford
Fluty, Mary Elizabeth .....74 Bainbridge Road, West Hartford
Ford, Miriam .....81 Rockledge Drive, West Hartford
Goodrich, Elsie Ives .....15 Sunny Reach Drive, West Hartford
Green, Julia .....38 Montclair Drive, West Hartford
Harvey, Marjorie .....218 North Beacon Street, Hartford
Hirschfeld, Sheila .....282 Fern Street, West Hartford
January, Caroline .....1020 Prospect Avenue, Hartford
Learned, Hope .....40 Hartford Road, Manchester
Levin, Lois .....15 Wardwell Road, West Hartford
McCance, Pauline .....86 Mohawk Drive, West Hartford
McLane, Katrina .....61 Maple Avenue, Bloomfield

Myers, Gail .....45 Outlook Avenue, West Hartford
Richards, Roxanne .....39 Sunset Terrace, West Hartford
Safford, Susan .....328 North Steele Road, West Hartford
Sisbower, Elizabeth .....209 Sedgwick Road, West Hartford
Solly, Sandra .....85 Mohawk Drive, West Hartford
Sturman, Cassandra .....750 Main Street, Hartford
White, Dixie .....304 Steele Road, West Hartford
Whitman, Ann .....Fire Town Road, Simsbury

CLASS XI

Campaine, Olga .....81 Dover Road, West Hartford
Clifford, Harriet .....104 Niles Street, Hartford
Davis, Mary .....150 Kenyon Street, Hartford
Dew, Bland .....Little Tuckahoe, New Hartford
Dimock, Priscilla .....10 Hickory Lane, West Hartford
Elbaum, Joan .....6 Staples Place, West Hartford
Faust, Nancy .....Cold Spring Drive, Bloomfield
Fisher, Betsey .....Old Mountain Road, Farmington
Gershel, Sally .....56 High Ridge Road, West Hartford
Gladstein, Sandra .....207 North Main Street, West Hartford
Goldenthal, Carole .....141 Lawler Road, West Hartford
Grant, Sabra .....2038 Albany Avenue, West Hartford
Hanson, Cynthia .....300 South Main Street, West Hartford
Heard, June .....1391 Asylum Avenue, Hartford
Hooker, Barbara .....9 Ridgewood Road, West Hartford
Hyde, Loulie .....78 Mohawk Drive, West Hartford
Johnson, Hope .....725 Mountain Road, West Hartford
Johnson, Kathleen .....6 Sunnydale Road, West Hartford
Learned, Faith .....Cider Brook Road, Avon
McBride, Barbara .....10 Hunter Drive, West Hartford
Mahoney, Sheila .....121 Lawler Road, West Hartford
Marks, Carole .....50 Walbridge Road, West Hartford
Martyn, Laura .....229 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford
Miner, Rosamond .....21 Mountain View Drive, West Hartford
Mirabile, Ann .....34 Mountain Road, Farmington

O'Connell, Vitaline .....234 Terry Road, Hartford
Pearsall, Mary .....4 Climax Heights Road, Avon
Peterson, Ann .....Sunnyledge, New Britain
Phelps, Page .....Sunset Farm, West Hartford
Ray, Pamela .....7 West Hill Drive, West Hartford
Safford, Joan .....328 North Steele Road, West Hartford
Sansone, Judith .....389 Broad Street, Windsor
Shultz, Beverly .....252 Fern Street, West Hartford
Smith, Cynthia .....278 North Quaker Lane, West Hartford
Tate, Margaret .....14 Cobb Road, West Hartford
Williams, Wendy .....1951 Albany Avenue, West Hartford

CLASS XII

Adams, Jane .....Kenmore Road, Bloomfield
Allen, Gail .....49 Fernwood Road, West Hartford
Anderson, Mary Jeanne .....33 Stratford Road, West Hartford
Baldwin, Ann .....25 Hunter Drive, West Hartford
Bland, Linda .....130 Mountain Road, West Hartford
Davis, Diane .....30 Stratford Road, West Hartford
Hall, Emily .....41 Ten Acre Lane, Sunset Farm, West Hartford
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